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The Week

PRESIDENT Butler of Columbia University is obviously right when he states in The New York Times that the reparations moratorium will be futile, and that June, 1932, will usher in a worse crisis than did June, 1931, unless in the meantime confidence is restored by disarmament, and further measures of international economic coöperation are agreed upon. In two details, however, we take exception to Mr. Butler's warning. One is his assumption that the present depression in the United States, which has caused losses to government and people far greater than would have come from cancellation of the war debts, is principally due to a failure to agree to that cancellation when the Balfour note suggested it. We cannot make European economic disorganization the scapegoat for all our troubles, nor can we attribute that disorganization solely to the reparations and debts. The other exception is to President Butler's recommendation of the passage of the Capper resolution, which provides for an embargo against any country violating the Kellogg Pact. Economic sanctions are not far from military sanctions and would indubitably lead to their use. The whole idea of sanctions, based as it is on forcible maintenance of the status established by the Treaty of Versailles, is the way, not to peace and security, as the French argue, but to war. The threat of force never yet prevented the ultimate arrival of hostilities. And a peace which must be maintained by force is not always worth maintaining.

THE German crisis is sinking beneath the surface, where it will probaby remain for some weeks or months while secret discussions go on among the political and financial forces concerned. Methods are being worked out for the foreign banks to retain existing short-term credits in Germany, according to the recommendation of the London Conference. Preparations are being made for reopening the banks, though the exchanges probably will remain closed until August 15 or later. The experts are trying to decide what else must be done. Secretary Stimson has visited Berlin, as have Prime Minister MacDonald and Secretary Henderson. Whether any of the necessary fundamental measures to prevent a repetition of the crisis are being approached remains a mystery. Berlin is trying to come to some understanding with Paris. As she does so, it is obvious that the judgment and the moral force of the United States and Great Britain side with Berlin, so long as France remains obdurate. France is tempted to remain obdurate, not only to carry out her long-standing policy, but because she temporarily has greater financial strength than any of the other countries concerned. She says she will not disarm; and it is doubtful whether she really favors the economic unification of Europe or its political appeasment.

THE letter of Secretary Lamont to Representative Condon of Rhode Island, stating that under certain circumstances President Hoover's policy of wage maintenance cannot be applied, is merely a statement of the obvious. Many wage reductions have occurred in spite of the much heralded policy, and more will occur. They are bound to take place in a mismanaged, competitive industrial world suffering the throes of a long depression. At the same time, the letter is a tacit admission of the naïveté of the Hoover method of

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effectuating his economic policies. All through the depression he has acted as if a renewal of prosperity could be achieved by a faith cure. He has talked about wages as if they could be kept up by the will of individual employers. To a limited extent, and in the cases of certain stronger or more favorably situated companies, this assumption was correct. But the wages paid must ultimately depend upon the ability of industry to pay wages, and this is a matter to which Mr. Hoover has resolutely declined to give his attention. If the administration had wanted to assume real responsibility for the maintenance of wages in Rhode Island or anywhere else, it would at least have had to assure itself, by knowledge of the books, whether any of the employers were likely to have to reduce wages, and if so, which ones and when. It would then have had to assume responsibility for so reconstructing the industry, and the industrial complex of which it is a part, that wage reductions would be unnecessary.

CARLOS IBANEZ, the Chilean dictator, has fled to save his life, and for the present the country is in chaos. Of the most recent crop of South American dictators only one remains in power—General Gómez of Venezuela. But one dictator often gives way to another still more undesirable, as the case of the Argentine sufficiently proves. The wild enthusiasm of the Chileans in greeting the soldiers who appeared on the streets of Santiago after Ibañez' inglorious exit is one more indication—and a discouraging one—that rule at the point of the sword is still making history in Latin America. In many respects Chile has been considered one of the most enlightened and progressive countries of this hemisphere, with a good record for social legislation. But for a population of 4,000,000 she has a fighting army of about 30,000 soldiers in active service and over half a million more in reserve. No civilian government can stay in power twenty-four hours without taking cognizance of the military clique; it has taken the place of the traditional, inept aristocratic clique which, up to a few years ago, was solely in power. To destroy the military control at the present moment—granting that there could be a regime able to tackle the job, which is improbable—would probably result in foreign intervention. Chile is today an economic dependency of the United States; the stake of American investors in that country is close to one billion dollars, of which much is in government loans that sooner or later will have to be repudiated. The era when the national finances could stand the tremendous service of the national debt—now fixed at more than 4,500,000,000 pesos—has definitely passed. Her two basic sources of revenue, nitrates and copper, are hopelessly crippled, and her rocky and sandy land is unfit for agriculture. America's stake in Chilean industrial enterprises may still receive a meager return—but only after an immediate and courageous reorganization, doing away with extravagant overcapitalization, waste and huge corruption, the evils which are seriously threatening all American investments in Latin American countries.

THE Wickersham Commission has issued a report on the prisons of the United States which is about the most sickening document that could be imagined. It declares that the prisons as a whole are a complete failure in their avowed purpose of making men better; and describes appalling conditions of overcrowding, lack of sanitation and brutal cruelty, including the torturing of prisoners for minor infractions of the iron-bound prison code. This report, prepared by a committee of experts whose expert knowledge and wise judgment cannot be impeached, advocates what amounts to a scrapping of the whole American penal system. It urges that convicts should be treated individually and segregated into groups so that the worst shall not drag the rest down to their level; they should be paid for their labor, given the type and degree of education best suited to each case and paroled much more generously than is done at present. It also recommends that the treatment of prisoners should be standardized from state to state and prison to prison, something which is now utterly lacking. Neither the analysis of conditions nor the recommendations of the Commission is, of course, in any degree new. Private investigators have repeatedly pointed out the disgraceful character of our prisons, and expert penologists have long been in substantial agreement on the remedies. But perhaps the force of an official report by a presidential commission may prick the conscience of the people and set in motion the needed reform. The chance that this will happen is, we should say, about one in ten.

AFTER Congress had for the second time passed a bill for public operation of Muscle Shoals, and Mr. Hoover had vetoed it, the President on his own initiative created a commission "to determine a method for handling the Muscle Shoals plants." Three members were appointed by him, three by Governor Miller of Alabama and three by Governor Horton of Tennessee. As was to be expected, the influence of the power trust over the President and in these two states has resulted in the appointment of men known to be favorable to private operation. The chairman, Edward A. O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau, has for ten years fought the Norris bills for public operation. He, and a number of the others, figure in the testimony of the power investigation conducted by the Federal Trade Commission. Judge Allen T. Roulhac of Alabama, who has long been familiar with the Muscle Shoals controversy, writes, "Power-trust influence has dominated this movement from the beginning, and the Commission will make such recommendations as will suit its instiga-

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tors, a recommendation known in advance of their appointment. But to make the thing doubly sure there was even included in the resolution of the Alabama legislature the following clause:

> Be it further Resolved, that said commissioners shall make no recommendation to the President or Congress in connection with Muscle Shoals property unless such recommendation embody a plan whereby the Muscle Shoals property shall be leased and operated by a private corporation or an individual. . . ."

JUST as Tom Mooney begins his fifteenth year in the California state penitentiary, news comes that Frank Oxman is dead. Oxman was the witness at Mooney's trial who was chiefly responsible for the sentence of guilt; he swore that he had seen Mooney and Billings place the suitcase containing the bomb at the place where it afterward exploded. Not until the trial was ended did letters come to light in which Oxman wrote to his friend Ed Rigall of Grayville, Illinois, inviting him to come to California and act as a perjured witness in the Mooney case as he, Oxman, had done. Subsequently it was proved that Oxman was miles away from San Francisco on the day and hour when the bomb exploded. Mooney and Billings escaped execution by a hair's breadth and have been in prison ever since. A new pardon petition is to be presented soon to Governor Rolph, who has thus far given no indication of his attitude in this famous case. It is unfortunate that the chief perjurer at the trial should be dead, but Governor Rolph cannot possibly use this fact as an excuse for continued failure to act. All the circumstances in the case are now fully known, and the choice he has to make is a simple one. Is he more concerned to see justice done, however tardily, or to obey the wishes of the state's rich men and keep in prison two victims considered to be dangerous radicals?

THE rumbles of a spectacular battle between the people and the power interests come from Kansas. Here Henry L. Doherty, at the head of the billion-dollar, country-wide Cities Service system, has long dominated the natural-gas business, charging Kansans, so we are told, from 70 to 100 percent more than is charged immediately across the border, in Oklahoma. In September, 1930, a movement intended to obtain reduced rates was launched by the Democratic Governor Woodring, and backed by the mighty and thunderous Kansas City Star. By July, 1931, the struggle took a sensational turn when the Governor suddenly ordered the sale of Cities Service stocks to be halted in the state. Although the Cities Service companies were at once able to obtain a temporary injunction, while Mr. Doherty came rushing to the fray with a barrage of telegrams and libel suits (to the tune of $12,000,000 against The Kansas City Star), it is probable that Governor Woodring's suspension weapon has struck fear into the hearts of utility executives throughout the land. To suspend stock selling is a serious blow at the utilities, which have sold small blocks of stock to tremendous numbers of their consumers for political reasons. What has happened in Kansas suggests that perhaps these utility giants are not so impregnable as people have supposed. At any rate, the public should benefit from the struggle, whatever its final outcome.

TYPICAL of the important regional movement in American literature is "Northwest Verse," a recent anthology. It was edited in Missoula, Montana, by Professor H. G. Merriam; it was published in Caldwell, Idaho, by the Caxton Press. It contains the work of about a hundred poets, each of whom, the editor says, "either lives or has lived for a significant period of time in one of the four Northwest states." Choosing poets by the accident of birth or residence is rarely a satisfactory form of literary criticism. In this case, however, there is a real community of feeling: the hundred poets, good and bad, deal with the same people and landscapes in much the same spirit. The people, instead of being chosen from Greek history or Celtic legend, are teamsters, vigilantes, crop campers or dry-land farmers; the landscapes are the mountains and aspen groves of the Northwest; and the spirit is that of poets bent on recording the simple myths of a new country. "I believe," says Professor Merriam, "that the Northwest is preparing for a literary movement which for the first time will give to the life of the region honest and rich expression." Endorsing his statement, we might add that similar movements are being prepared in the Southwest and in the Corn Belt; in Rutland, Vermont, and Nashville, Tennessee. It is comforting to think that a period of frenzied literary centralization is drawing to a close—that poets can write well without writing in New York or Paris, and that poetry is beginning to be reincorporated into our regional life.

Next Winter's Starvation

NO DOUBT the readers of The New Republic are sick and tired of gloomy prognostications concerning next winter's unemployment problem in America. We are just as weary as they are. But so are the hungry tired of being hungry. If, as we believe to be the case, the country is threatened with a genuine disaster in the next six months, it is folly to close our eyes to it.

The President's Emergency Committee for Unemployment has just made public a report on the situation throughout the United States. It was prepared by Allen T. Burns, executive director of the National Association of Community Chests and Councils, who because of his official position undoubtedly knows as much as anyone in the country about the emergency and the means of meeting it. Mr. Burns is convinced that the need for relief next winter will equal, if not surpass, that of 1930-31. "In many cities," he writes, "we find the number of dependent families doubled, over last year's

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estimates. This does not necessarily indicate an increase in unemployment; it means that thousands of families, even where the bread winners may have returned to work, have reached the end of their resources. It is evident that we must prepare now for a major task in social statesmanship. . . . Private philanthropy cannot possibly raise all the funds needed to meet the aggregate demand. The larger percentage of the direct relief burden must be met through municipal and county appropriations." This of course is already the case. Though President Hoover and Colonel Woods continue to talk about "private initiative" and "the American way," it has for many years been true that cities and counties have carried four-fifths of the total load—a fact which they either don't know, or conveniently ignore because it does not fit in with Mr. Hoover's philosophy.

How well are the forces of public and private charity equipped for their great task? Mr. Burns points out that in many places all funds raised for emergency relief from private sources have been exhausted, with the year only half gone, necessitating additional emergency measures. In certain communities, he admits, it is hopeless to attempt to solve the problem locally. Individual contributions to charity have stood up surprisingly well, all things considered. While the smaller gifts have dwindled away seriously, larger donations have maintained a high level. But private charity is drying up at its source. Some of those who have given can no longer afford to do so; others who begin to feel they are pouring money into a bottomless pit are reducing or omitting their gifts. The same thing is true of the unrecorded charity of the poor to the poor, neighbor helping neighbor, which is enormously important even though it never gets into the statistics —or the limelight.

Even the aid from municipalities and counties is being drastically curtailed: many of them have reached the bottom of the treasury. In Ohio, a special state law was passed permitting municipalities to enlarge their debt limit in the emergency, and the extra funds thus obtained have in most cases been spent. In Detroit, while the city's financial situation is not quite so bad as unfriendly propaganda has implied, it is grave enough so that the monthly expenditure for the unemployed has been cut by five-eighths. Chicago's financial difficulties are world famous; she cannot even meet her own municipal pay roll until her tax-assessment situation is rectified and her income from taxes restored to normal. In some agricultural regions, the farmers are unable to pay their taxes and a temporary moratorium has perforce been declared.

President Hoover's Emergency Committee has been functioning busily for many months, but in all fairness it must be said that its results are virtually nil. It has coöperated with local committees in "making work" for the unemployed; but many of these jobs would have been filled in any case, through other channels, and the rest have been for the most part a few days' work at unskilled labor which have left their recipients little better than before. All the vast public furore about federal appropriations for public works finally added up into a few hundred million dollars, of which two-thirds is reported to be still lying unexpended in the Treasury, with complete uncertainty as to when, if ever, it will be spent. How much good these expenditures would have done, or will do, it is impossible to say, because there is no way of comparing them with the normal rate of public-works building. As our readers know, President Hoover vetoed the only measures which would have contributed substantially to unemployment relief, the Wagner bills for a system of unified national labor exchanges.

There is, then, a perfectly good chance that at least some hundreds of thousands of Americans, among the eighteen to twenty-four million of the unemployed and their families, will be without funds this winter and unable to obtain needed relief from either private charity, municipalities or counties. Where else can they turn? There is only one other source of aid: the federal Treasury. And Mr. Hoover, as is well known, is at present bitterly determined to prevent the expenditure of federal funds for direct aid.

He has, it must be admitted, a better case against such relief at the moment than he had a year ago. Largely because of the soldiers' bonus law, there is a deficit in the budget for this year of about a billion dollars. The United States will forego several hundred million dollars of European war-debt payments. The amazing experiment in half-hearted State Socialism conducted by the Federal Farm Board has resulted in a paper loss of many million dollars, which seems certain to turn into an actual one. Mr. Hoover is trying to meet this situation by economy in the operation of the government, about which there are two things to be said: first, that it is absolutely impossible to economize sufficiently to make any impression on the deficit, and second, that this is the one time of all when such economy is undesirable. It means dismissing government employees to swell the ranks of the unemployed. It means taking federal money out of circulation when it might be counteracting the depression.

The one sensible answer to this dilemma is the one which Mr. Hoover is trying with all his might to avoid: it is an increase in taxes on the rich and the well-to-do. Taxes of this character in America are amazingly low compared with those in other industrialized nations. They are low because Mr. Hoover and his administration are much more the representatives of this special class than of the people as a whole. They are kept low in accordance with Mr. Mellon's utterly exploded theory that this is the way to maintain prosperity—a theory which was false when he first uttered it and is rendered completely ridiculous by the present period of depression. They are kept low partly because it is believed that to increase them might jeopardize Mr.

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Hoover's plans for renomination and reëlection in 1932.

In so-called "normal" times, Mr. Hoover's policy might be of less importance; Mr. Coolidge, who held the same general opinions, managed to escape because he had the good luck to be President during a boom. But with six million unemployed and the existing machinery for relief at the breaking point, it is no longer possible to be tolerant of Mr. Hoover's medieval philosophy and the neurotic stubbornness with which he clings to his refusal to act. Every other civilized country in the world has provided machinery to see that the families of men able and willing to work shall not starve when there is no work available. Only the United States continues to ignore the problem in a Micawberish belief that something will turn up. Presumably when a sufficient number of persons have died of starvation, when our cities have seen a sufficient number of bread riots, even Mr. Hoover will see the light. But the federal government moves slowly, and by then it will be too late to undo much of the harm. Even if the matter is delayed until December, when the next regular session of Congress takes place, it will be too late. Mr. Hoover is confronted by the greatest test which has come to any man of his generation. Will he prove equal to it, and redeem the reputation of the savior of Belgium, so sadly tarnished in these past ten years?

The Struggle in Coal

WITH IMPORTANT miners' strikes under way ever since the early spring in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky, with armed clashes, hunger marches, assassinations and mass arrests reported from the strike areas upon a rising scale in the last weeks of July, conditions in the Eastern soft-coal fields are rapidly taking on the character of class war. Coal mining, still a great key industry despite its long "sickness," and of dramatic and bloody history, once more commands all our attention. Since the abortive conference held in Washington, July 13, between certain operators and Secretaries Doak and Lamont, the deepening of the crisis has led to a new proposal from the President for a national conference between miners and operators, "to decide what can be done to stabilize wages and improve general conditions in the coal industry."

This latest attempt of the government to bring order into the coal-mining industry seems to have been inspired by the excited appeals of John L. Lewis and other labor politicians of the old-line union, the United Mine Workers of America. For the Lewis-dominated union, greatly shrunken in membership, seems now to have lost control of the masses of revolting miners.

Out of the scene of chaos and threatened disaster—in the Eastern soft-coal region, at any rate—two striking developments define themselves. The mine owners, faced with the universal industrial crisis, are engaged in a struggle for survival, made more acute by the planlessness and wastefulness of their industry. They have been slashing wages directly, and by every possible subterfuge, such as "speed-ups," reduced working schedules and altering of checkweighing, tonnage and loading agreements. They have been cutting wages, in spite of Mr. Hoover's promise that wages would be upheld and laborers retained; in spite of the fact that miners' earnings and standard of living have been falling steadily ever since 1923. On the other hand, this pressure upon the miners, who have never shared in the years of prosperity and have long suffered intolerable working conditions, has pushed them once more to the breaking point. In their desperation they are rising, not only against their employers, but against their old labor organization, the U. M. W. A. From "business unionism," the more militant miners have been breaking away to form a new union, beyond the respectable limits of the A. F. of L. The present disturbances reveal the vigorous progress of both the new left-wing National Miners' Union, which is communist in spirit, and of the independent union in West Virginia. In Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, on July 19, the bitter rivalry between the right and left-wing factions led to a pitched battle in which more than 100 persons were injured.

How large is the scope of the strikes now going on in the bituminous fields? The daily press has given confused accounts, although, periodically, walk-outs and shut-outs at some of the largest mines, such as those of Glen Alden, Reading Collieries Company (of West Virginia) and others, involving from 1,400 to 4,500 men at a time, have been reported. It is entirely possible then, as the N. M. U. leaders claim, that some 40,000 men (or about two out of every three miners) are on strike in the so-called "Pittsburgh district," which embraces coal fields in western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and the Panhandle section of West Virginia. In the clashes during the spring and summer in this region, it is estimated that over 2,000 men and women have been gassed, injured or wounded; at least three strikers have been killed by the coal-and-iron police and more than fifty-five taken to hospitals. These are the miners who have refused to accept the latest agreements put through by the Lewis union, accepting wage cuts of 10 percent, which bring the tonnage rates down to forty-five cents and make it possible to earn barely $3 to $5 a day on two or three days of the week, depending upon the various special conditions of the mines. From the company "patches," from the hideous communities of laborers' cottages owned by the coal companies, hundreds upon hundreds of strikers have been evicted. They are driven to living in tents along the coal valleys. Their defense leaders have called for 1,000 tents for the homeless strikers of western Pennsylvania alone. In spite of evictions, beatings, mass arrests, in spite of famine,

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they return daily with their wives and children to man the picket lines. Their new resolution and discipline are born of despair.

In the Kanawha Valley, in the southern part of West Virginia, another "bolting" faction is led by Frank Keeney, whose activities were recently described in The New Republic by Edmund Wilson. Mr. Keeney has claimed to have about 13,000 miners in his organization, but more conservative estimates place the Kanawha Valley strikers at from 7,000 to 8,000. Here, little violence had been seen up to July 20, when the killing of two "scabs" by ambushed snipers led to the arrest of seventy-five strikers. Feeling had been rising, owing to resolute efforts of the mine owners to break the strike and the way in which local police and courts had been flouting the law by brutal evictions and high-handed arrests—many of them for "holding a meeting." In the Kanawha Valley about one-third of the miners are on strike; their condition is pitiful; the hunger marches of the West Virginia miners' women and children upon the state capital have become famous. Keeney's men are independent; but efforts are being made to join their movement with the Northern insurgents, in the environs of Pittsburgh.

In Harlan County, Kentucky, where the new N. M. U. is strong, some 2,000 miners are reported out on strike, and martial law prevails. Here there have been ugly clashes; several persons have been killed, and about 100 strikers are under arrest, of whom twenty have been charged with murder, as many more with criminal syndicalism (punishable by long prison terms), and the rest with conspiracy and incitement to violence.

All in all, some 50,000 miners are in revolt in the three strike areas mentioned. From day to day, accounts arrive of the hunger and nakedness in the strikers' camps. Hundreds of children—miners generally have large families—are undernourished and diseased, according to medical reports. Yet the Red Cross has refused to give aid, holding that it must not interfere in a labor dispute. Other accounts reaching The New Republic speak of continued large-scale evictions, of the slugging of labor leaders, of repeated mass arrests of picketers, as the coal operators and police authorities grow infuriated. The whole scene of violent class struggle is strangely reminiscent of the darker years of the nineteenth century rather than the golden era of Hoover and Mellon's rugged individualism.

There is every possibility that the left-wing unions may spread their strike into the great Illinois coal fields. This is their intention, as they declared at the "United Front" meeting held in Pittsburgh, July 15, and attended by 600 delegates from miners' locals all over the country. Their demands, formulated at this meeting, are for a minimum wage of $35 per week, a five-day week and six-hour day; a fair checkweighing system; unemployment insurance; the release of class-war prisoners. The operators will never grant these demands voluntarily; and their resistance is strengthened by the extreme depression in the coal market.

In mining coal, labor represents from 70 to 80 percent of the cost; and the mine owners have been trying for years to make rigid economies in production, in order to face the competition of oil, natural gas and hydroelectric power. Rapidly introducing machinery into their mines, engaging in a continual cycle of price cutting and wage cutting, they have demobilized some 200,000 miners in the post-war decade; they have steadily lowered the standard of living of the rest, until the average soft-coal miner's wages were brought to approximately $5 a day, by 1930, while the number of working days has been reduced to about 200 a year. This continued trend toward lower prices, lower wages, longer working days, this steady pressure upon labor, through feast-and-famine periods, has been shown in two studies of the coal industry, published this year: "Labor and Coal," by Anna Rochester, sponsored by the Labor Research Bureau, and a survey of the coal mines in Colorado by the Federal Council of Churches. But the most recent wage cuts have come for the miners when their real earnings were but little above the starvation point. Their grievances are many and various; but in essence they are now fighting an implacable process of mass unemployment that bids them starve or shift into other industries—which, however, are also demobilizing their labor.

The cumbersome coal industry has long been hopelessly mismanaged in the United States; its producing capacity has been needlessly doubled since the World War. To check overproduction and waste, to conciliate and divert labor, without brutal transition, there can only be resort to the highest government authority. Progressives have called again and again, at each fresh crisis, for the federal government to buy the mines and "rationalize" them, closing the wasteful ones, turning others into electric-power sources and, in the interests of the whole nation, guarding these vital reserves, which are immense though not inexhaustible. But such appeals, which have been of no avail in the past, seem particularly futile when addressed to a President who is a professed apostle of individualism in industry, inhuman and irresponsible as that may be. Will he make some truly constructive move for the thousands of starving miners—or for the millions of unemployed—before it is too late? Even American labor, to preserve its life in the face of mechanization and the cowardice of private capitalism, may be driven in the end to class war. Of such a spirit there are symptoms in the Eastern coal fields, whose insurgent miners feel that the only hope lies in their own action, in spreading their strike and deepening the present emergency, until the issue is forced. The rapid growth of the militant N. M. U. in the East is surely an important sign also of a shift in the balance of power between coal capitalists and the old-line labor politicians.

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Pan-Arabism Resurgent

IN THE WEEKS which have elapsed since the passing of ex-King Hussein of Arabia, minds in East and West have been busy with speculations concerning the future of those Arabic-speaking countries which the former Sherif of Mecca once hoped to bind together in a great federation under his own leadership. Since then, in bazaars of Damascus, in private homes, in government circles in Bagdad, in the halls of schools in every city where young Arab students gather in knots to argue, one of the favorite topics of conversation has been the prospect of a political and cultural renascence among the Arabs through the pooling of resources and the mutual assistance which a pan-Arab federation would make possible.

The ambitious plans which inspired Hussein's hazardous revolt against the Turks in 1916 perished in bogs of disappointment after the Paris Peace Conference, when Great Britain and France, acting in the capacity of victorious and beneficent allies of the Sherif, bestowed upon some of the richest and most populous regions of Arabic-speaking Asia their own political control under the mandate system of the League of Nations. In 1925, moreover, Hussein and his family were driven out of their kingdom of the Hedjaz by Ibn Saud, and had it not been for the circumstance that the British had installed two of Hussein's sons as rulers of Iraq and Transjordan, the fortunes of the Sherifian house would have been at low ebb indeed. But although Hussein's idea of an Arab union under a Sherifian dynasty had to be abandoned, the proposal for a close alliance between Arabic-speaking countries of Hither Asia, each under its own government and each preserving its own identity, not only persists, but claims the allegiance of a considerable proportion of the younger men interested in public affairs.

There is in the project more than a suggestion of the premature, of course. Great Britain and France are still responsible to the League of Nations for the good government of one-quarter of the territory and one-half of the population of Semitic Asia. Foreign policy in these regions is controlled by the mandatory powers. It is they who have decided whether or not a given territory was ready for representative government. It is they who have determined even the boundaries dividing Arab from Arab and they who have set up trade barriers where none existed before. These are customary features of the mandate system, and the mandate system is still in effect. Yet the Near Eastern mandates, according to the terms of their establishment, are only a temporary institution and Arabs believe that they may soon be suspended. Great Britain, shoving Iraq toward independence even more rapidly than Geneva circles seem to have relished, has already announced its intention of bringing Iraq into the League in 1932 as a full-fledged member on the basis of an Anglo-Iraqi treaty ratified last November by the Iraq Assembly. Some weeks ago, the Mandates Commission took up the general question of how the promotion of mandated territories to independence is to be handled. At once a remarkable crop of rumors got about to the effect that abolition of the Syrian and Palestinian mandates had been proposed, the mandatory powers retaining military and financial control only, leaving the two countries autonomous in other respects. It was later reported that the Mandates Commission postponed decision on the whole subject until 1932.

Whether the rumors were true or not, they have been the cause of considerable discussion in interested circles. Syria, far better developed than Iraq, is expected to demand independence as soon as its neighbor goes free. It is known that France has been playing for some time with the idea of substituting a kingdom for the embryonic republic of Syria. The name of Ali, Hussein's eldest son, has been whispered in this connection. With Faisal in Iraq, Abdullah in Transjordan and Ali in Damascus, each enjoying a degree of autonomy, the time might easily come when a close alliance could be made, not only among the three brothers, but to include also their father's ancient enemy, Ibn Saud, for the purpose of rebuilding an Arab civilization worthy of the high traditions of the Middle Ages.

Italy, fearing that France and Great Britain might enjoy excessive economic advantages in the Near East in case of an early abolition of the mandates, will oppose such an arrangement as long as possible. All Zionists the world over (except ardent pacifists) may be expected to exert their influence against it, too, in apprehension of injury to the Jewish national home in Palestine. Armenians of Syria and Kurds of Iraq, minorities which are not quite sure of their position under autonomous Arab governments, have also suffered misgivings. On the other hand, Great Britain and France, now that their share of Mosul oil has been safely guaranteed, may easily find it to their interest to promote pan-Arabism in a form palatable to its moderate advocates. The prophets of the movement, however, do well to keep their predictions of success within strict bounds.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Graft in Business

I: *Bribery Greases the Wheels of Salesmanship*

Those who oppose government ownership and operation of various types of business enterprise are fond of saying that such operation is invariably burdened with graft and dishonesty. They usually say nothing, however, about the corruption which exists in private business. In the series of articles of which this is the first, Mr. John T. Flynn shows the astounding extent of dishonesty in commercial enterprises in America today, and supports the contention that private business is far more corrupt, on the whole, than public business.—THE EDITORS.

THE AVERAGE politician is a rank amateur in the gentle art of graft compared with his brother in the field of business. This statement may be received as a preposterous exaggeration by those who are deceived by the eternal vaunting of honesty in business which has been so popular ever since the high profession of public-relations counsel came into its own. But before we are done with this matter we will see that there is at least considerable ground for the statement.

At the very threshold of the subject I will ask the reader to remember that the activities of public officials are subject to incessant and pitiless publicity, whereas the activities of those in business—managers and subordinates—are carried on behind a screen of privacy. Newspapers and magazines naturally shrink from criticizing individual business concerns; no one has the right to question managers; the law protects their cherished secrecy. Even stockholders of corporations cannot learn much about what goes on in many of the institutions they help to finance. But for all the secrecy that veils it, graft of one kind or another permeates every level of business. It is found practised in its cruder and more vulgar forms and in its more refined, delicate and respectable technique. It may be used by employees in all departments from the porter at the door to the chairman of the board.

> It is a festering sore in the commercial body of the nation; its extinction calls for a drastic use of the knife. . . . So long as this practice continues, the hope of honest conditions of trade remains a chimerical dream. We have been too ready to ascribe the prevalence of this practice to foreign influences; it is perilously near a national fault with us.

The passage just quoted does not come from some irresponsible radical critic of American institutions. It is taken from a document denouncing commercial bribery and bears the signature of representatives of the National Association of Purchasing Agents, the Association of National Advertisers, the National Association of Credit Men, the Association of Advertising Clubs of the World, the American Society of Sales Executives and a number of other national business organizations.

Let me also quote from an issue of Commerce and Finance:

> Federal investigations have shown the prevalence of commercial bribery which has been allowed to flourish unchecked because of a lack of adequate laws to put a stop to it. The secret giving of commissions or other things to employees of customers to induce them to buy or recommend the purchase of certain supplies has become a nation-wide system. It infests not only the ordinary lines of business but also the professions, even the surgical profession. . . . Waiving the moral issues involved—a fact few will dispute—a practice authoritatively estimated to take a billion dollars a year out of the cash drawer of business should be stamped out for strictly business reasons.

The general manager of the New York Better Business Bureau confirms this estimate of a billion-dollar-a-year cost to business, and to business in New York City alone, at least a hundred million.

THE ANCIENT ART OF CUMSHAW

There is a notion that commercial bribery is more or less limited to traveling salesmen on one side and purchasing agents on the other. However, the simple truth is that the practice occurs among salesmen, purchasing agents, plant officials, foremen and any other classes whose judgment is relied upon to make or influence decisions in which sellers are interested. The facts which follow and which relate to a single business will reveal the extent of this vice.

Purchases for ships are made by various officers. Repairs for ships are contracted for sometimes by captains, sometimes by agents. Yet, whoever makes the contract, men who go down to the sea in ships not only know the ancient art of grafting as well as the most skillful landlubber, but they have a name for it all their own. Cumshaw, we are informed by shipping men, is almost as old as the sea itself.

Glancing through the records of the Federal Trade Commission for 1921, one finds forty ship-chandlery and dry-dock concerns hauled up before the Commission, charged with bribing captains and stewards. And graft was proved in all but one of these forty cases. Of course, no cases come before the Commission save those involving foreign or in-

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terstate commerce and, moreover, only a small fraction of commercial-bribery cases ever come to light.

H. C. Donaldson, president of the Association of Ship Store Dealers at New Orleans, testified before a congressional committee that "conditions in the ships' supply business are particularly deplorable so far as the matter of foreign vessels are concerned. In many cases they exact their commission before they will do business."

"Gratuities" in the Shipping Industry

In a hearing before the Judiciary Committee of the House on a bill to declare this practice unlawful, many shipping men appeared and revealed the shameful conditions in the business, not only in regard to foreign officers but American shipping men as well.

The representative of a packing house swore that if he had not given gratuities to captains and stewards, his concern would have been out of the marine-supply business. A sailmaker testified that his firm had paid $4,500 in gratuities in twenty months.

A dry-dock and ship-building company's books revealed the following payments under the heading of gratuities in four years: 1917, $19,229; 1918, $31,067; 1919, $29,985; 1920 (three months), $19,066. And another dry-dock concern admitted that it had paid out in bribes to captains $8,800 in fifteen months.

Dealer after dealer swore that they had given bribes to captains and stewards amounting as a rule to around 5 percent; that the practice was a long established custom in the business; that without it you could not do business, because ships' officers, if you refused to pay them, took their business to other concerns or even to other ports.

Still another marine-supply man testified that these bribes might run anywhere from $50 to $7,000 for a single captain; that his firm usually gave the captains from $100 to $200 and charged it as a trade discount. Others declared that the captain might get his 5 percent on a repair bill of as much as $100,000.

Five percent, however, is not the maximum. That is the usual amount, but the rate is often higher. An examination of the books of 225 supply and repair and chandlery houses by investigators showed bribes in cases running as high as 25 percent. Indeed, such commissions were not uncommon, while some went to 30 percent, and 100-percent bribes were not unknown. In a single year, one concern paid out 8 percent of its entire business volume in bribes to ships' officers.

When the United States government, as a result of the War, found itself in the shipping business, it also found itself up against this practice—a network of graft which must have made some of the old government veterans, not wholly unaccustomed to the practice, rub their eyes.

One dealer admitted to the agent and traveling auditor of the Shipping Board that he had overcharged the Board about 60 percent on $400,000 by reason of the necessity, as he claimed, for giving gratuities in the form of automobiles, whiskey, entertainments, etc., to the captains and stewards. He said that the New York office of the Shipping Board had on file the records of 2,000 cases where stewards had confessed to being paid 10 percent on bills. He testified that Richardson Brothers carried on their books a total of $11,000 on account of gratuities given to ships' masters, stewards and engineers.

Private owners felt themselves helpless. They realized the practice was against their interests, inasmuch as the masters would seek the biggest bribes, would accept inferior supplies and would even let a ship run down in order to increase the cost for necessary repairs. The attempt to pass a federal act providing penalties for acts of bribery in the shipping business met with little support and finally died in committee.

In the shipping business, as in all others, there are men who find themselves compelled to conform to this vicious practice without giving it their approval. Accordingly, forty-eight representatives of ship-supply-and-service concerns located at points from Norfolk to Galveston organized themselves into the American Ship Service Corporation of Washington. Each member signed a pledge not to engage in the usual graft and this organization urged Congress to pass the anti-bribery law recommended by the Federal Trade Commission. But the law of graft was more deeply rooted in the sea and along its shores than these men supposed. It was a custom buttressed by age and moral weakness and was far too powerful to fall before this first assault. In the end graft won. The members of this organization found they were not strong enough to end the practice and that all they were achieving was their own martyrdom. They lost so much business that one by one they resigned and the organization ceased to function.

The Baeder-Adamson Glue Scandal

Vast quantities of glue are purchased annually by the manufacturers of Victor Talking Machines —about 350,000 pounds a year. Naturally, the contract to supply the glue is a very desirable one. Some years ago the Victor Company bought its glue from Milligan and Higgins. Another company —Baeder-Adamson—looked with hungry eyes upon this juicy contract. One day the general sales manager of the Baeder-Adamson Company communicated to his partners the interesting information that by the discreet expenditure of a commission of 5 percent he could land that contract. The necessary authorization was forthcoming and the sales manager went to work.

The superintendent of the Victor factory was the man who specified what glue should be used. Though at his suggestion Milligan and Higgins glue had been used for a number of years, he finally

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reported to the purchasing department that the glue of the Milligan and Higgins people was no longer good, that it had gone bad and failed to give proper results. He urged a change in glues. "What glue would you recommend?" asked the purchasing department. "Baeder-Adamson," was his reply. Apparently the sales manager had lost no time.

Of course, when the Milligan and Higgins Company heard that their glue was no longer satisfactory, they promptly sent one of their salesmen to the Victor plant. He took samples of the discarded glue and found it in every way equal to the glue previously supplied. Backed by his company and by the Victor purchasing department, which was impressed with the report, the Milligan and Higgins representative asked permission to make tests with his glue in the Victor factory. The superintendent refused. The whole proceedings finally came to the attention of the Federal Trade Commission, which found that the shift from one glue to another had been accomplished by granting a 5-percent commission to the factory superintendent.

Graft in the Textile Industry

Graft is general, too, in the dye industry and, according to the counsel for the American Dye Institute, there exists in this trade "the most extraordinary system of commercial corruption that the world has ever seen. There is not," he added, "a textile mill whose dye operations were not corrupted."

Mr. H. J. Kenner, the general manager of the Better Business Bureau in New York, an institution supported by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, said:

> A chemical company wishing to sell dyes to a textile plant, goes to the foreman of the dye department and promises him a commission on the total purchases of the factory if he will induce the firm to buy its products. The foreman goes to the purchasing agent and complains about the dyes in use and recommends the new brand. If the purchasing agent attempts a check up, the foreman may resort to sabotage to gain his end. He may, for instance, drop acid into the textile soap or in some other way spoil the articles treated with the old dyes.

In Tennessee two woolen-mill employees were found accepting bribes from a fulling soap company. The federal government managed to reach the guilty parties through the postal laws, prosecuted the employees of the textile mill and the textile soap company. The soap company was fined $5,000 and the two textile-mill employees $500 each. For good measure the textile-mill men were sent to jail for three months each.

Indeed, one witness testified that the commission or bribe paid for accepting inferior fulling soap in woolen mills was one cent a pound. It was customary to put one barrel of good soap in the lot, carefully identified so that the bribed employees could set it aside for inspection. Another witness said that dyers and finishers were paid $10 to $12 a barrel for accepting inferior soap. It was brought out in a legal proceeding in Tennessee that one employee collected $16,570 from various concerns from which he had bought material, and that the loss to his firm because of inferior materials accepted amounted to nearly $54,000. Another company paid out from $30,000 to $40,000 in bribes to employees of their customers and these bribes amounted to between 8 and 10 percent of the amount of all their sales.

The Alien Property Custodian said that bribery of dyers in the United States had been carried on almost universally. "So extensive was the corruption," said this report, "that I came across only one American consumer who had escaped its ill effects."

The New York Times in July, 1928, referring to the protests of the Silk Travelers' Association and the Silk Club against commercial bribery and the fact that salesmen were compelled to pay to buyers or suffer discrimination, said:

> Most of the buyers complained of are under thirty and of the sheik type. Their salaries are usually $40 or $50 a week. They get the rest of their large incomes by making salesmen pay tribute on every yard of goods the buyers accept, so that $10,000 a year on the side is said not to be exceptional, and in one case the buyer's cut ran between $30,000 and $35,000 a year.

Mr. James J. Wilson, assistant district attorney of New York, at a conference of 300 business men, declared that in New York City alone chauffeurs collected not less than $2,500,000 a year in graft from dealers. "In one field," said Mr. H. J. Kenner, of the Better Business Bureau, "that of garages where private cars are stored and serviced, three kinds of bribery have been practised. First, the so-called 'pull-in' payment, ranging from $10 to $100 and given to a private chauffeur for bestowing his custom on that particular garage; second, the percentage payment, a gift to the chauffeur of 5 percent of the month's bill paid by his employer to the garage; third, the so-called 'put-over' payment, a lump sum in cash given to the chauffeur and later collected from the car's owner by padding one or more garage bills."

Bribing the Buyer

Entertaining visiting buyers began many years ago when their visits were infrequent, perhaps annual. Firms began to vie with each other in the elaborateness of their entertainments and finally, when the visits of the buyers became semi-annual and even monthly, the expense of this entertainment expanded beyond all bounds. In Chicago, the president of one concern keeps an account for "perfumery." He told the Federal Trade Commission it was for Christmas presents. But he couldn't ex-

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plain how so much of it was spent in February. The Commission found that one concern had spent $1,400,000 in secret commissions in two years, all paid to their own customers and to the customers of competing concerns. Eleven salesmen are employed by one novelty-jewelry concern in New England. The eleven spent $6,000 at Christmas for gifts to buyers. The buyer for a syndicate of department stores received last year $500 in cigars alone, and other gifts valued at $1,700. Another method of bribing a buyer is to lose to him in a poker game.

A salesman of the New Jersey Asbestos Company testified before the Federal Trade Commission that his company's item for entertainment amounted to 5 percent of gross sales and made one of the largest items of annual expense. The complacent attitude of honest men toward this practice is well illustrated in the case of the Appellate Court of the Second District. The Federal Trade Commission ordered the New Jersey Asbestos Company to cease its lavish entertainment policy and the Appeals Court set the decision aside, saying, "it had been an incident of business from time immemorial."

The Movement Toward Honesty

It cannot be said that business as a whole has risen up against the use of graft. But it may be said that in a large number of industries, groups of men have attempted to mitigate the evil. More and more business men are learning that graft is not only immoral, but bad business. Some twenty-nine different industries, through their trade associations, have condemned the practice of commercial bribery. Others have taken more or less vigorous measures to end it. The paint, varnish and lacquer industry has brought into existence the Unfair Competition Bureau to fight commercial bribery, receive and investigate specific complaints and carry on an incessant agitation against it. In the shipping business, as already pointed out, forty-eight supply-and-service houses in the South formed the American Ship Service Corporation to carry on a battle against bribery in the shipping business, and while the association did not last long, its very formation represented a positive assertion of protest, which is the beginning of reform.

The Better Business Bureau in various cities, organized under the auspices of the Advertising Clubs of the World, has kept up constant warfare on this form of commercial graft and, more recently, the Commercial Standards Council, representing a large group of organized industries, has been created for the special purpose of stamping out bribery.

Of course, it is only a beginning. In the meantime, the rank and file of business men in numerous industries go right along in the old ways, bribing buyers, plant foremen, purchasing agents and petty officials of all grades. It is not a simple matter to bring an abuse of such antiquity to an end. As already shown, it is almost impossible even for an honest manufacturer or merchant to give up the practice as long as his competitor insists on employing it.

John T. Flynn.

In his second article, to be published next week, Mr. Flynn will give some outstanding instances of business men who betray the confidence of their own organizations for private gain.—The Editors.

TWO POEMS

The Quiet Meadow

Though terror has almost cracked the heart of the meadow-mouse
Escaped out of the dark of a crow's wing,
Not a blade of grass trembles with his trembling in his root-deep house.

Though the shrew in the heavy coil of the black-snake
Screams with the last power of splintered breath,
The humming of the meadow, the kind monotone does not break.

The weasel running close on the wild soft heels of the meadow-vole
Stirs not even as the sparse summer wind
The comfort of the meadow, the calm, the living whole.

Marie de L. Welch.

At Arroyo Hondo

Strangers to water they may be
Who slip calmly as otters into pools,
Or build them houses by the inarticulate sea.

Sailors see nothing beneath a plain
Green and reverberant, sentimentalists
Hear their own thought in echoes of the rain.

But friends of water cup their hands
Beneath the torn rock of arroyo walls
Where a thin glitter darkens the closing sands,

And where the desert-valleys shake
Dark lines of foliage in the withering wind
They raise from wet earth shadowed walls, and break
Dry furrows in the clay, and lead
Brown water foaming toward the living seed.

H. Boner.

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Class War in Rhode Island

"HURL 3,000 Rioters Back by Gas Bombs—Rhode Island Strikers Attack Police and Pitched Battle Ensues—Stones, Scrap Iron and Eggs Thrown—Dispersed After Wild Fight and Mill Area Is Roped Off."

"Police Ordered to Shoot Strikers—Pawtucket (R. I.) Chief Bids Them Open Fire If Clubs Fail to Move Crowds—Red Girl Leader Banished."

It was headlines like these that sent us motoring to Pawtucket. During the day or two before we had been out in the neighboring hills and valleys of eastern Connecticut. The country is sparsely settled; there are fewer people in it than there were a century ago. Second and third-growth timber creeps back over the tumbled stone walls and boulder-studded pastures; occasionally there lies a patch of farms, whose owners live by dairying on a small scale, or simply by raising what they eat and collecting a few hundred dollars a year from the sale of miscellaneous crops, or by virtue of the fact that somebody in the household works at something else or has a little income.

The farmers are poor; it is one of the least promising agricultural sections in the world; but here the depression and the class struggle seem centuries and thousands of miles away. How can anybody seriously believe in the possibility of revolution when so much of the country is like this? The very glimpse of a tan Jersey or black-and-white Holstein cow munching under the shade of a jagged oak, of an early-American house, a white picket fence, a garden spiked with delphinium blue and hollyhock red, or a blind curve in the road through birches and alders which suddenly at the turn opens into a view of a little valley with a white spire, a green flanked with maples, and a single row of old houses —nothing could seem more placid, satisfying, enduring.

Along the rivers you come to mill villages; most of them small, some larger towns which are victims of former growth and prosperity. There will be a dam plashing water between stone walls, a dingy red-brick mill or two of Civil War architecture, a few streets with rows of mill houses, all just alike. Those that are dirty or lately painted slate-brown look forbidding; those freshly painted white seem brighter. In the larger towns the mill quarters become slumlike. But even here the open country is close about; and though you resent the ugliness of most of the mills and the fact that they have converted the streams, once full of trout and salmon, into sewers of dye stuff and waste, still you are a long way from imagining riots. And on a near-by ridge you will find an old village which has not had the bad luck to be prosperous since the beginning of the machine age, and which has now been bought up for country estates by people who like to live quietly and have beautiful gardens and cars. Doubtless many of them own stock in the mills. In one of these renovated villages there dwells a family of Russian aristocrats who have found refuge by maintaining a beautifully appointed tea-house, to which people drive from miles around in their Cadillacs and Packards.

The Mill Cities

Route 1A between Westerly and Providence glides and loops on faultless concrete over the wooded fingerlike ridges that, further to the south, stretch into the sea as promontories and islands. This road, says the garage man at the end of it, is a blessing; it tempts people to go sixty miles an hour for miles at a stretch in cars that were not built for such service, and there are many cases of burnt-out bearings, which helps business.

Then, without warning, you come to Providence, through which traffic creeps and worms; tourists with license plates of California and Alabama jostling the local shoppers, the Bostonians on their way to Newport or New London. Providence, without any visible margin of green country, suddenly becomes Pawtucket. Near the line a gravestone merchant has set up the ominous sign, "Why procrastinate longer? Order your monument now." A timely word to those entering the battle zone. Not knowing our way about Pawtucket, we decided to explore, looking for broken factory windows, marching strikers, tin-hatted troopers, machine guns. The center of town was just like any small American city: furniture sales, soda fountains doing a rushing business on this blazing day; the A. and P., the Woolworth, the National Economy; crowds of prettily dressed girls; no place to park; parking regulations violated. Wider ranging brought us to street after street of great dull mills. It was lunch hour; men in shirtsleeves were sitting in doorways and on curbstones; hatless men and girls in sleeveless dresses were strolling by. Many of the mills were surrounded by steel fences with barbed wire along the top. Behind one of these fences there lay, about and among the buildings, a green lawn, with shrubs and benches. Within the enclosure the mill forces, reminiscent of the charges of some well kept public institution, were lolling. We found ourselves in Central Falls, probably in other cities; there is no break in the buildings, and most of the inhabitants don't know just where the boundaries run. The Blackstone River, concealed by high walls and visible only from the bridge, pours by the mills. The streets are crooked and narrow, as they were when the farms were first laid out and the farm-

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houses, which now are partitioned up for tenements, were built. And there are many blocks of newer, uglier, houses erected by the mills in uniform unspaced rows, perhaps fifty or seventy-five years ago. There is little room for lawns and gardens; one could sense the dirt of years oozing out of doors and windows. In one bleak tenement two original Staffordshire china dogs gazed blankly from the second floor. But we could not find the strikers, the wrecked mills, the troopers.

At last we sought local help. Our guide took us by the Royal Weaving Company, the largest silk mill of its kind in the world, where the Pawtucket police had been ordered to shoot picketers. There was one languid policeman on the corner, coat unbuttoned, lighting a cigar. Then through the strikers' tenement district into Central Falls, past Pulaski Hall, a two-storied wooden block, painted drab, where the local strike headquarters are, past the Salvation Army second-hand store, and past two vacant stores used for relief by the committee. In one a girl and a few bedraggled women were visible, in the other a man lay in the dirty show window, dozing. Near-by was the mill of the General Fabric Corporation, where the riot had occurred. Here stood a few policemen, no machine guns, no state troopers. They had been ordered away the day before. In front no damage to the mill was visible, but along one side, sure enough, there was a row of windows with broken panes. The damage was estimated by the management at $500. The windows on the first floor were riddled; a few marksmen had reached those on the second floor.

Rhode Island is both the smallest and the most thickly populated state in the Union. Draw two lines, one vertical and one horizontal to quarter it, and in the upper right-hand quarter exists 85 percent of the state's population. Here are Providence and the other mill cities, in one great ganglion. And Central Falls, where the riot occurred, consists of one square mile with 30,000 people—the most densely populated city in the United States. No tenement in New York City is more overcrowded than some of these; few are as forbidding or insanitary. There is no park and scarcely a glimpse of green anywhere in it. There is no "residential section"—the only one in the neighborhood, largely of Victorian period, is in Pawtucket. In Central Falls the workers, of Polish and French-Canadian extraction, with a few Italians and Syrians, are penned. Perhaps one in a hundred will have a car —an early Ford or Buick with high body, which crawls along the road, when it goes to the country, at the head of a honking and cursing line of motorists who want to get somewhere. And it takes so long and costs so much to go anywhere worth going by trolley that the workers use the street cars little. They stay in the hot mills and the hot wrecks of houses, in the hot streets, the little movies and the dance halls. And on fête days they buy great artificial flowers, pink and lavender and yellow, like those we saw a man hawking on the street. The girls are dressed in the latest fashions, with costume jewelry from the ten-cent store, and they wave their hair and catch it back with bobbie pins.

We pass a new bridge and a new school. They were built by the local state senator. They cost $1,500,000, although the original estimates called for $350,000. The big hole is where they are supposed to put the new post office, but no work has been done on it, in spite of the agitation for construction as an aid to depression. Unemployment has been severe; it still is. Pawtucket has no city hall, although it has been a city for thirty years. We are told that the authorities prefer to pay a big rental for property owned by the Masons. The machine runs smoothly; it is in secure control. All the policemen are picked from one Irish Catholic ward; all the school teachers from another. The groups in positions of power are well larded. These are things you can't print in the local papers, but everybody knows them. A leading police official is a North of Ireland man; he was a compromise, because the Catholics and the Masons each had a candidate. Pawtucket was about the only city in Rhode Island which stayed Republican in the last election. Central Falls turned over from Republican to Democratic. The machines get their graft from the speakeasies. The "Citizens' Committee" in Central Falls which is offering to mediate the strike consists of politicians trying to win favor; that is the reason the strikers distrust it. But no matter what happens in city elections, the cities have no power; the state is run by the Republican machine which depends on the "rotten borough" system with its overrepresentation of country districts.

Joseph Ott, manager of the Royal Weaving Company, is generally said to be a hard-boiled Dutchman. His money was made in the beer business. Of course, the police will do what he wants them to. The Pawtucket police are efficient; they find strike leaders in no time and order them out of town. They don't worry over legal technicalities. Reports differ as to how the Central Falls riot started. Someone says it came when the firemen turned the hose on the picketers; no wonder the crowd got sore. Someone says the stones were thrown when the police charged the picket line to make way for the scabs. Chief Hill of the Pawtucket police thereafter issued a general order at roll call which said, "Keep the crowds moving. If anyone refuses to move, use your clubs. If there is persistent refusal, read the riot act and then shoot." Shooting is the threatened penalty for immobility. Arrests are too cumbersome. Even single pickets are forced to leave the vicinity of the mill. No picketing of any sort is allowed—though the law offers no justification for such police authority. The strikers, of course, call the police "Cossacks."

Just before the strike the Pawtucket Chamber of Commerce had spent $5,000 advertising the city as a good place for manufacturers to locate. A letter set forth as one of the advantages, "the coöperation

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of intelligent, contented labor." Then the riot made front pages all over the country. A pamphlet stated that 69 percent of the population of the Blackstone Valley is engaged in manufacturing and said that all legislation, civic movements, social life, community projects and even conversation on the streets are directly related to industrial matters.

The Strikers

A smiling young committeeman in union headquarters was asked what occasioned the strike. The workers, he said, had been discontented for a long time. Four or five years ago a good weaver could make from $40 to $45 a week. Now the best could not make more than $25. The average was about $16; the minimum $8 to $10. In Central Falls, at the General Fabric Corporation, there had been a shutdown of eight weeks. Before the mill closed, each weaver had four looms. After it he had six or more. He worked harder for less pay. Rates were cut; there was even trouble in knowing what the rates were. (One of the demands is the posting of a price list on all kinds of work in a prominent place.) In addition, earnings were reduced by more frequent breakdowns. Formerly one loom fixer cared for thirty-eight looms, but now one fixer and two helpers had to look after 164. Weavers had to wait long for the looms to be repaired. Rules were made against talking; and no time was allowed for dinner under the three-shift schedule. The force walked out on May 8. This young worker did not mention "agitators" as a cause of the strike, or any desire to destroy the mill as one of its objectives.

Later, at the Royal Weaving Company in Pawtucket, notice of a wage cut, to occur in four weeks, was posted. Mr. Ott said the company had lost $750,000 in the previous year and could not afford another such loss. If examination of the books should show a loss of as much as $500,000 for the current fiscal year, the stockholders would be called together to decide whether operations would continue. "Joe Ott," said a strike leader, "lost money speculating in silk by buying big lots before bottom prices were reached, and now he is trying to take it out of the workers' hides." Mr. Ott's own statement seems to confirm this charge. He showed a reporter of The Pawtucket Times 16,000 pieces of stored silk fabric representing, according to him, an investment of $1,000,000, which if sold at present prices, would bring only $700,000. Wage economy, he said, was necessary to meet this loss. The workers at the Royal Weaving also complained of fines for spoiled work, imposed whether the fault is the weaver's or not.

At Olneyville—in Providence—there was a strike of the employees of the Weybosset plant of the American Woolen Company, which had not been in the headlines because picketing had been peaceful and there had been no riot. We visited there the headquarters at once of the strike and the National Textile Workers' Union. A sturdy young worker, of the American Legion type, told us that the thing was being run by the workers' committee; the outside leaders were allowed in only by sufferance. The workers are not Communists, but they trust the Communist leaders not to sell them out the way the A. F. of L. does. "What makes you think the A. F. of L. sells out?" I asked. "Why, an officer of the A. F. of L. union has a $40,000 house here. How could a worker have a $40,000 house?" Everywhere we found distrust of the old professional labor leadership; everywhere we found young people in charge.

In a cluttered office above the general hall, from which came the sound of the volunteer brass band to which the girls and young men were dancing, we met Jim Reid, president of the National Union, dentist by original profession, once a Socialist, now a Communist. Thick gray hair, and white stubble on his thin face. He is an intellectual; he knows radical literature and movements by heart; in spite of years of discouragement and struggle he cannot lay aside his idealism. "Are you real Americans or bastard Americans?" he asked by way of opening the conversation. "Which is which?" He twinkled. "A bastard American is one who boasts of his ancestry but does not practise the principles his ancestors fought for." The strike was called to recoup a 12½-percent wage reduction, posted on Christmas Eve. Why was not the strike called sooner? "We don't do things that way. First the workers must organize. Then they get together, decide what they want, and go after it in an organized way. When the committee went to the management before the strike was called, they said they were afraid the noise of the mill would interfere with the discussion, so the workers were going to stop for fifteen minutes. At the stroke of one the mill fell silent for the negotiations. That was a demonstration of solidarity."

"Why don't you do something at Pawtucket?" the reporter asked. "Why don't you resume picketing?" Jim Reid's face flushed; he lost his good humor. "You fellows want riots; you want a good story for your paper. You aren't interested in the workers; you're interested in headlines. You want us to get slaughtered. We'll fight all right when the time comes, but we won't fight until the workers have the guns. Then if you're on the other side you will have to look out." "I'll be between," laughed the reporter. "I'll get shot by both sides."

A solemn young fellow in a mood of exaltation interrupted to make a speech. "I fought in the World War, my father fought in the Spanish War, my grandfather fought in the Civil War. I used to be a hundred-percent American; now I'm a Red. Look at all the unemployment, look at the low wages. I've worked harder in the mill in the past two years than I ever worked before; but I can't support my family. How can anyone support a family on $16 a week? Your wife has to work in the mill; even then you haven't got enough. Your

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children have to work in the mill as soon as they're allowed to leave school. I talked it over with a man in the office. I asked him how the mill owners could expect to have conditions right when they made us work harder to turn out more and at the same time cut wages. How can they sell what they make? How can they expect to have people employed? Why don't the mill owners get together and agree to reduce hours and keep wages up? Do you know what he said? He said the mill owners had tried that and the government wouldn't let them. He said they couldn't do it on account of States' Rights. And still Hoover tells them not to cut wages. They can't run the mills right, so they take it out of the workers' hides. I say, if the pillars of society don't do anything about it, the workers have got to do something about it. All these mill owners, these government officials, these newspapers; they are the pillars of society. They have a moral responsibility. But they don't do anything about it. The workers have got to take over the moral responsibility. If the mills aren't run right, the workers have to run the mills; if the government isn't right, the workers have to take over the government."

We went back to watch the people come out of the Royal Weaving mill at 5:30. A patrolman stood at the entrance with a riot gun poised in his hand. Others were grouped about. Motorcycle policemen scurried about the neighboring blocks to break up any gatherings of pickets. Nobody was in sight except the reporters, permitted within police lines. The whistle blew. The few who had been working trickled out, trying to look unconscious. An old woman with an 1890 bonnet, in a long black dress and a reticule, white, determined, hurrying. Two middle-aged women, hatless, with New England-schoolmarm faces, scared. The departing workers drifted off by twos and threes. Clearly they were working because they needed the money desperately. A watchman went in with a big dog on a chain. There was no trouble.

In the evening we went to a strikers' meeting in a back yard behind a row of ancient, tumble-down brick tenements. It was littered with old iron. An earnest young man with a stick tried to keep the kids quiet. On a box under a tree arrested pickets, out on bail, told of their experiences.

Stella had refused to have her "dizzy photograph" taken; the cops had put her in the "dizzy cellar." The girls had sung all their songs in jail; the matron had told Stella she had a bum voice. "How could I have a bum voice when I sing in all the theayters and dance halls?" Laughter. The meeting was good-humored, unafraid. The outside leaders told them earnestly about the class war, about the miners, about the unemployed, about the strikes in Putnam, Lawrence, Olneyville, about solidarity, about how the bosses, the government and the A. F. of L. were allied against them, about how the workers and the unemployed were to be organized all through the Blackstone Valley and all through the country; how the workers must be victorious in the end if they would hang together. There were perhaps 500 there out of the 2,000 or more on strike.

The Three Annas

The three figures overshadowing the strike are all women. None of them was present, yet the talk was about them.

Anna Burlak, the twenty-year-old, bobbed-haired leader from Pennsylvania, was first called the "Red Flame" by the newspapers when she wore a red dress, and then the "Phantom Girl" when she wore other colors and frequently changed her abode to escape the authorities. She was reputed to be pretty, pleasant-mannered and uncommunicative, except when talking with the workers. The reporters liked her; the strikers adored her. People would follow her; she kept their spirits up.

Anna C. M. Tillinghast, Immigration Commissioner in Boston of the Department of Labor, had issued a warrant for Anna Burlak's arrest, on the formal ground that she was an alien advocating revolution and hence must be deported. There was no proof that she was not a citizen; Anna Burlak was born in Pennsylvania and eventually has been able to establish the fact. The real ground of her arrest was obviously that she was an active leader and a Communist. She was arrested by the local police without a warrant, and held for the federal authorities, simply on the information that a federal warrant existed. She protested at this action and was forcibly taken. At this time she was being detained in Boston, bail having been set at $5,000. If this were not furnished in cash or liberty bonds, four times the amount in property would have to be put up. It could not be found.

Anna Weinstock, another agent of the Department of Labor, was simultaneously in Pawtucket trying to mediate the strike. Of course, the workers believed the leaders who told them that Miss Weinstock, from the same government and the same department of that government which had unlawfully spirited away their leader, was trying to sell them out. Of course, the committee would not consult with her.

For diplomacy in the settlement of strikes, expertness in the suppression of revolutionary sentiment, guardianship of belief in American institutions, the booby prize goes to Secretary of Labor Doak.

The Outcome

The National Textile Workers' Union cannot win these strikes. Probably no union could. They have not the funds to hold out. The Olneyville strikers have returned to work against the pleading of the leaders. The industry is disorganized and, on the whole, unprofitable. Most of the strikers are not, or will not remain, members of the Union, and fewer still will be members of the Communist party. But most of them will have become

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thoroughly convinced that the Reds can be trusted not to "sell them out." They will have learned that the national government, which pretends to want wages kept up, is ready to join with the bosses in fighting them. Their knowledge of the corruption of their local government is increased. They will have no confidence in democracy, or in capitalistic industry. Many have a faith that some day the workers will change all this. They will be prepared simply to go on enduring until their hour strikes.

Meanwhile, the class war is not a dramatic battle of Reds against authorities, but a guerilla war of authorities and employers against the standards and families of the workers.

GEORGE SOULE.

Notes on Fascism in Italy Today: III

CATHOLIC ITALIANS

NOBODY could be found, perhaps, who would not know of the strain in Italy today between the government and the Vatican. But there is one point that people not familiar with the Italian Catholic cannot see as clearly as might be, and that very much affects the present Church and State situation.

In the course of many visits to Italy I have known Catholics of every kind: a cardinal, an archbishop, two *monsignori,* three or four mother superiors in convents, several Vatican officials and a good many Franciscans, not to speak of many other people, among them simple peasants, to whom religion means so much. You cannot observe this part of Italian life without realizing more than ever the great social depth of the Catholic religion, its tradition, power of philosophic continuity, its psychological scope, and so on, the evidence of which is such as to make any mere listing a form of impertinence. I have realized more and more, also, the extent to which this Catholicism is a product of the Mediterranean, all that abundant, rich, physical, mystical life that has flourished around those shores and has found itself forms in ideas, arts, religions, that will express it. Catholicism, no doubt, is elastic and capable of every nature of soul, every people and land. But the average Northern critic or believer does not comprehend, I am certain—how could he?—that balance between idea and form, spirit and substance, the visible symbol and the mystical thought, that characterizes Italian Catholicism.

This note, however, is not a religious discussion, and the point toward which I am leading is quite another thing:

I will not say it is a policy of the Catholic Church in America—that would be only a presumption in me; but I will say that I have observed at least a tendency toward an attitude quite different from the Italian. Perhaps it is only another instance of the Catholic religion's wonderful adaptability to the race or temperament that professes it; say that, if you like it, and add that our Northern natures could not endure another sort of Catholicism—indeed, I have heard an American priest say that he never meant to visit Italy because the sight of the Church there would outrage his faith. Perhaps we naturally require some literal state of things; or prefer confusion or indistinctness to unpalatable facts; prefer closed eyes, even, to the chance of disillusion; are unable to follow a hero without denying him every fault, even those which we know to be true and despite which he can retain his greatness. It is true, furthermore, that in English-speaking countries Catholicism has long been faced with criticism and Protestant rivalry and attack, has, in a manner, got its back against the wall, and so is thrown into positions of defense that are not always a part of its highest quality.

At any rate, the tendency I mean consists in a kind of totality of attitude. I have, for instance, heard American Catholics express the greatest surprise and contempt at the implication that politics has a part in the election of the pope—the famous Austrian vote some decades ago, for example—no, the election of a pope, such believers declare, is a pure act of God. Or the turn taken may be one of denial, even to the extent of lying—you say that there never was a profligate pope, or that church vestments are never sold to antique shops; such tales are all lies from the enemies of religion. I do not say, of course, that this is an official policy in the Church. I merely say that such a state of things happens often enough. Numberless young Catholic men are aware of gaps in their information; I have heard them laughing in Italy over what the village priest had told them back home in America. The point is clear enough; and even though an intelligent priest may not approve of the tendency, the fact remains that this is one of the grounds on which the critics of the Catholic Church judge it in America; and, overlooking its deep and beautiful powers, assign it a basis of sheer deception and ignorance.

The Italian Catholic never has this tendency, at least I have never encountered it even in a peasant. An Italian Catholic has a sense of the symbol, a sense of the fact, of the ideal and of the world we live in, and, even if ignorant and simple to a degree, he has inherited, one way or another, a historical instinct—things have happened before and will happen again. Without hurting his Catholicism at all, a Florentine remembers the time the Pope's nephew

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and diverse cardinals, bishops and hired assassins came up to Florence to kill Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici and thus clear the path for the spread of the papal dominions, how Giuliano was murdered as he bowed his head at mass, how Lorenzo escaped, how the Pope excommunicated all Tuscany, and the Tuscan bishops, meeting in conclave, excommunicated the Pope; and how everything was patched up later, when Lorenzo had talked the Pope's ally, the King of Naples, over to his side. Everybody in Italy knows about those sons and daughters, mistresses and favorites of various holy fathers, and so on and so on; it is a point too obvious to dwell upon. The nearest to any defense I ever remember to have heard in Italy was this: what greater proof could there be of the Church's divinity than the fact of its having survived such degradations? I will not set out the many remarks on church and papacy that devout Italian Catholics of all levels have said to me. Two will serve. One, a good many years ago, was from a little Franciscan brother, half a saint. Commenting on some new edict from the Vatican, he said that we had at the very least the right to expect the Pope not to be a fool. And an old princess, most devout and a good Fascist, observed to me, over a cup of tea not many weeks ago, that it was to be regretted that the present Pope had been a librarian, a breed of men who the world over, according to her, know the outside of everything and understand the inside of nothing.

What I have been saying will mean various things to various people, but I intend it to serve one purpose only, which is to comment on the present controversy between the Fascist government and the Vatican. Unless you understand how an Italian can let the elements involved in this struggle fall into their places, celestial and terrestrial, without losing his faith, his good sense or his practical welfare, you will get only a distorted conception of the situation in Italy about which the newspapers of the world have talked so much of late. You might even decide that, until an agreement is reached, an Italian could not be a good Fascist and a good Catholic at the same time.

Tourism

Italy is a country that, as everyone knows, is limited in natural resources. This shortage having been made up by certain other resources, such as are productive of architecture, painting, cities, gardens and living, she has been led to sell these products to other races that are more blessed with money. Tourism is one of the chief Italian industries. The decline of tourism in Italy to less than half its former proportions in recent years is one of the problems, economic and otherwise, of the Fascist government. There is no harm in a short list of points on the subject:

Some of this decline in Italian tourism comes, obviously, from the depression everywhere. Some of it is due to anti-Italian propaganda, tourism included, that has been made in countries farther north.

In the early Fascist days a certain amount of youthful enthusiasm and new spirit of rules and discipline offended or frightened tourists. The Latin use of authority is often arbitrary and particularly annoying to Northern natures. Authority, discipline and rules were doubly unwelcome in a country that we had thought of as catering to our whims and pleasures, and a country also that was not rich and powerful. In the Germany of the Kaiser's time, it was fun to come home and tell how we were arrested for picking up an object on the street and not handing it at once to a policeman, what order and system that was! But in a debt-laden country, which according to the French had certainly not won the War, it was outrageous to be fined for putting your feet up on the train seat in front of you, even though the law was meant for Italians and conducive to a new spirit of public tidiness. The story of the sometimes overdone and unreasonable administrations of their orders by Italian officials lost nothing in the telling abroad; it was not much fun traveling in a country where you were afraid to speak.

There has been a great decline in cultural—what shall we say?—intimidation. Not many years ago it was at least a matter of some hesitation to admit that you never heard of Michelangelo. Now it counts very little; you can be individual and know nothing, or modern and know a lot of new things, and so on and so on.

In taste there have been many shiftings; for various modern-art developments one is led toward France, Germany, Sweden. It is chic to speak of looking into Russia even: and to some tourists the Russian experiment is generally significant. Tours nowadays often take the northern routes.

The Fascist discipline, when it overhauled the vice situation in Italy, cut short, knowingly enough, a large bloc of tourism. Hundreds of pretty people, once available to foreign favors and patronage, are now on the penal islands and elsewhere, and the frequent remark these days that Berlin must be seen for its modernity must bring a smile once in a while at least, if you have ever heard of the newer German laws about one's right to choose the sex one will belong to, or of Berlin cafés, et cetera. Nowhere in Italy is there any organization of vice, such as you find in other great Continental cities. There is now not even any night life to speak of; only last April in St. Peter's I met up with an American couple who were to be a brief five days in Italy before they returned on the same boat that had brought them; what was there to do in Rome, they asked, what was the matter with the night clubs, or were there any?

Fascism's Chances

I am not one to prophesy as to when exactly the Fascist government will fall; I shall merely indicate a line along which outside prophets and estimates may be misled.

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The Italians are an ancient people. They have seen centuries go by, and so have their own sort of fatalism and security. At the same time Italy is a new nation; and a people so lately released from whole eras of foreign government or local despotism is not wholly political and active. In sum, Italians do a great deal of talking, philosophizing, analysis; they are full of criticism, theory and praise concerning the present government; but foreigners are wrong who jump at the conclusion that all these talkers are about to act, to do something about either a Fascist triumph or destruction. Nor must you think that Fascism is one principle or policy or government that has remained the same from the first day. Fascism has sifted down as it matured and grew older; it is not what it was five years ago, two years ago, nor what it will be tomorrow. Nor can you be sure, even if the present heads of it were to fall or vanish, how much of Fascism would go on. Nor could you say, even in the present Fascism, what portion of it is only a party and form of government and what portion has become a permanent element in the Italian nation. In short, it is already true that you cannot speak of Fascism as if it were merely a party that might win or lose.

STARK YOUNG.

Thorstein Veblen

JUST TWO years ago Thorstein Veblen died. About a year ago I went through the economic and sociological journals to see whether anyone had been tempted to add to the rather perfunctory appreciations of him that appeared soon after his death, but I could not find a word about him. The reason for this neglect was at first obscure to me; but a sympathetic economist explained that Veblen's economics had been displaced by the detailed analysis of the so-called statistical school, and his theories were out of the current because they did not account for the actual prosperity that had come about under unrestricted mass production after 1921.

The deflation of this "prosperity" will undoubtedly have a favorable effect upon Veblen's reputation; in fact, the signs of his recovery are beginning to multiply. At Columbia, a student of economics is at work on his biography; in The New Freeman, a little while ago, Mr. Max Lerner wrote a generous appreciation of Veblen's work. The statistical economists may even eventually discover that the difference between their confidence in the New Capitalism and his distrust of "business sabotage" was the difference between gullibility and insight.

But perhaps the chief reason for Thorstein Veblen's neglect among the economists was the fact that he was so much more than an economic theorist. He was one of the half-dozen important figures in scholarship that America had produced since the Civil War, certainly in the social sciences: when one has added Lewis Morgan, Henry Adams, William James and Charles Peirce, one has almost completed the roster of decisive and original minds. His early academic training was in philosophy: and he cooled his heels for many a year whilst he waited for an appointment in this department. When he finally approached economics, he carried into the subject a relentless eye, a withering contempt for the fake problems and solutions of marginal economics, and—however he picked it up—a remarkable grasp of the actual industrial processes.

Veblen was not naïve and ignorant enough to think, with the current historians of industry, that the industrial revolution began with the steam engine and the power loom: he traced the psychological dispositions favorable to disciplined industry back to neolithic times, and its actual institution to the invention of machine tools. Veblen broke down the conventional divisions between economics, ethnology, anthropology, psychology and the physical sciences: in both subject matter and methodology he divorced himself from his contemporaries, for he had the synthetic mind of the genuine sociologist. Needless to say, Veblen had pupils in abundance; but none of them was quite the man to carry Veblen's load of scholarship, scientific penetration, philosophic detachment and human insight. It was easier for them to proclaim the virtues of walking in bare feet than to try to step into Veblen's boots.

Sooner or later someone will do justice to Veblen the sociologist; but there are still other phases of him that call for appreciation. For Veblen was a satirist and a man of letters; and if his scientific *confrêres* did not seize the occasion of his death to do him justice, one might have thought that our literary critics, in search of a promising subject, would somehow have stumbled upon Veblen's trail. Curiously enough, the only person who ever thought of considering Veblen's contributions as literature was Mr. H. L. Mencken, and for some odd reason he failed to understand Veblen's massive satire, or to recognize the exquisite aim of his literary style. I had the good fortune to see Veblen frequently in 1919, when he was one of the editors of The Dial; and though I cannot pretend to have fathomed this infinitely remote and complex personality, I at least learned something about his aims and methods.

Thorstein Veblen was a humorist whom Miss Constance Rourke might well have added to her galaxy in "American Humor," for he had the American mechanism of the impassive face and

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the solemn exaggeration. His sentences were as elaborately wrought as Henry James': his desperately accurate circumlocutions, his perfectly elephantine means of expressing a platitude in such a way as to show its fatuousness, his use of polysyllabic jargon, after the worst fashion of the young Ph.D.—all these characteristics were part of the mechanism of his humor. When he was obscure, he did not fall into obscurity by accident: it was rather the summit of a delicate effort, and he enjoyed the effect he sought to produce on the reader who must be astute enough to follow him. Veblen was careful about the last detail of his writing, being even jealous of any changes that were made in his copy to make it conform to those rules of punctuation and capitalization which most magazines—foolishly it now seems to me—insist upon. The following instance will serve for a dozen others. In one of his Dial articles Veblen had characterized Samuel Gompers as the sexton beetle of the American labor movement. In preparing the ms. for the printer, one of the editors had automatically changed this over to sexton beadle, in order to make sense. Veblen was furious: his white ashen face was more ashen than ever with anger—such anger as seemed especially terrible in the mild and reticent person that Veblen always was. He wanted to know if the unknown dunderhead who had mutilated his copy did not realize that a sexton beetle was an insect that spent its life in storing up and covering over dead things? Besides, there was an overtone in the allusion: Gompers looked more like a beetle. (Veblen was right: I never saw Gompers after that without recalling the insect.)

But this is only one side of Veblen. He was one of the foremost critics of art and culture: his comments on art, in his first book, "The Theory of the Leisure Class," make him the first conscious exponent of the *Neue Sachlichkeit* in the arts, and his analysis of leisure-class culture must be put alongside Tolstoy's malicious descriptions in "What Is Art?" I cannot forbear to quote one or two passages from Veblen which will show how completely out of the style of his own period (1899) his thinking on these subjects was. Consider this:

> The requirements of pecuniary reputability and those of beauty in the naïve sense do not in any appreciable degree coincide. The elimination from our surroundings of the pecuniarily unfit, therefore, results in a more or less thorough elimination of that considerable range of elements of beauty which do not happen to conform to the pecuniary requirement. The underlying norms of taste are of very ancient growth, probably far antedating the advent of the pecuniary institutions that are here under discussion. Consequently, by force of the past selective adaptation of men's habits of thought, it happens that the requirements of beauty, simply, are for the most part best satisfied by inexpensive contrivances and structures which in a straightforward manner suggest both the office which they are to perform and the method of serving their end. . . . On this ground, among objects of use the simple unadorned article is esthetically the best. But since the pecuniary canon of reputability rejects the inexpensive in articles appropriate to individual consumption, the satisfaction of our craving for beautiful things must be sought by way of compromise. The canons of beauty must be circumvented by some contrivance which will give evidence of a reputably wasteful expenditure, at the same time that it meets the demands of our critical sense of the useful and the beautiful, or at least meets the demand of some habit which has come to do duty in place of that sense. Such an auxiliary sense of taste is the sense of novelty.

Veblen's application of this insight to a specific situation is no less pertinent than the generalization itself:

> The canon of beauty requires expression of the generic. The "novelty" due to the demands of conspicuous waste traverses this canon of beauty, in that it results in making the physiognomy of our objects of taste a congeries of idiosyncrasies; and the idiosyncrasies are, moreover, under the selective surveillance of the canon of expensiveness. This process of selective adaptation of designs to the end of conspicuous waste, and the substitution of pecuniary beauty for esthetic beauty have been especially effective in the development of architecture. It would be extremely difficult to find a modern civilized residence or public building which can claim anything better than relative inoffensiveness in the eyes of anyone who will dissociate the elements of beauty from those of honorific waste. The endless variety of front presented by the better class of tenements and apartment houses in our cities is an endless variety of architectural distress and of suggestions of expensive discomfort. Considered as objects of beauty, the dead walls of the sides and back of these structures, left untouched by the hands of the artist, are commonly the best feature of the building.

I will not spoil such criticism by underlining its point and validity; but it is obvious that the almost complete ignorance of Veblen's work, among those who are critically interested in the arts in America, is a disgrace to our intellectual culture, and a sign of the great hiatus that still exists between learning and life. The only thinker who could compare with Veblen for scholarship and acumen was Karl Buecher, and his classic work, "Arbeit und Rhythmus," is still untranslated into English. Veblen's thought should not be confined to economic circles: it should be filtering through and penetrating every pore of our intellectual life. In that process, its solecisms would be discovered and thrown aside, and its great original contributions would become fundamental commonplaces. Under the last item, I would include the distinction between the pecuniary and the technical processes of industry, his analysis of the replacement of magic by matter-of-fact, his discrimination between the canons of conspicuous waste and the canons of economy and his appraisal of leisure-class ritual.

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But I cannot leave Veblen without a word or two about his personality. His visible self was one with his works. Even his most commonplace conversation had a grimly whimsical touch, and he was capable of such a massive practical joke as writing a report on the activities of the Wobblies in the Northwest, when he was a government investigator during the War, in which he painted an engaging portrait of their character, pointed out the justice of their grievances and the wisdom of their demands, and urged the government's wholehearted acceptance of their program. It was all good common sense; but I can picture the silent chuckle with which he must have placed that report upon the desk of his superior.

Veblen had this, too, in common with the traditional satirist: underneath that remote, impassive exterior was an extremely sensitive and tender man, and there was some proportion between his aloof style and savage satire on one hand, and the warm hopes that they concealed. Miss Helen Marot relates that Jacques Loeb once bitterly reproached Veblen for being too detached. Loeb, who for most of us would be the image of the rigorous scientist, complained that Veblen dealt with human problems and human beings as if he were merely handling inert physical objects! But one did not have to know Veblen very intimately to realize that the mask, however elaborate, was still a mask. During the Reconstruction Period, when revolution was sweeping rapidly over Europe and seemed ready to descend on America, Veblen occasionally forgot the Olympian ironist and showed where his hopes and sympathies lay. For a time, he looked toward an immediate revolution which would wipe out the kept classes, as he called them so punctiliously: he was in favor of turning the productive machinery over into the hands of disinterested technicians, who would serve the common weal.

But in this Veblen's hopes outran his judgment. During the spiritual debacle of 1919 he also suffered from a severe attack of influenza, and this completed his enfeeblement; for he had long been an invalid, and he was then past sixty. Presently, the fashionable ladies who had in a brief spell of popularity listened to his lectures at the New School for Social Research left him: then the engineers fell away; and finally, he wandered off, a deserted and lonely man, feeble, ill, pale, wistful, demonic, proud. There was a touch of Don Quixote about his figure. The likeness was accentuated at one time because one of his intimates was a heavy, squat little man, an economist, who did excellently in the role of Sancho Panza; and Veblen, tall, slender, with a pointed beard and cold sad eyes, was surely a Knight of the Rueful Countenance: that sobriquet fitted well, too.

But the monsters Thorstein Veblen essayed to fight were real monsters—class egotism, the callousness of riches, the pomp of possession, the disregard of humanity in favor of property and privilege—and he did this by the most effective of weapons, description that was itself satire, and satire that never had the need to depart from description! No one except Tolstoy was Veblen's superior in restating some common human custom or habit in such a way as to bring out its essential barbarity or folly. The author of "The Theory of the Leisure Class," "The Theory of Business Enterprise," "The Higher Learning" and "The Nature of Peace" will come eventually, I think, to be numbered with those kings of satire who wage contention with their times' decay and who will outlast even the tenacious institutions they seek to destroy.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Washington Notes

Landing Mr. Guffey—A Wrench in the Smith-Raskob Machine—Rise of Roosevelt—The Young Boom Fades

WHILE the completeness with which public attention has been concentrated on European conditions during the past month has stalled the engines of the propaganda departments of the two party committees here in Washington, it has not altogether halted all developments in the practical political field at home. The one that has seemed to me more significant than any for a long time was the enthusiastic declaration of the Honorable Mr. Joseph F. Guffey, Democratic machine leader in Pennsylvania, in favor of Governor Roosevelt. Mr. Guffey's pronouncement came soon after the return of the adroit and industrious Mr. Farley, who found time on his way to and from the Elks' convention in California to stop off in twenty-three states and confer with Democratic politicians.

Exactly how Mr. Guffey was landed by Fisherman Farley I do not know, but I do know that so far as the 1932 Democratic convention is concerned, Mr. Guffey is about the biggest fish in the political pool. For Mr. Guffey is the boss of the Democratic machine in Pennsylvania and, as such, regularly carries in his vest pocket to the Democratic conventions the votes of more than sixty of the seventy-two delegates from that state.

It seems to be an undeniable fact that no other single individual anywhere has that many votes in a national convention deliverable if, when and where he chooses. However, what makes Mr. Guffey's declaration for Governor Roosevelt peculiarly significant is not only the extraordinary number of votes he controls, but the fact that until now he has been considered an opponent of Mr. Roosevelt rather than a supporter.

Because of Mr. Guffey's record, character and previous political experience, it had been generally assumed that he would line up in 1932, as in the past, with the so-called Smith-Raskob element, holding his delegates together for some favorite son until such time as the group had the Governor "stopped" and was ready to make its drive. In other words, Pennsylvania had been counted in with Massachusetts, New Jersey, Illinois, Connecticut and the rest of New England, as holding the convention balance of power.

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That was the way most of the so-called political analysts and observers have been viewing the Democratic situation. The theory was that this group would control enough votes under the two-thirds majority rule to veto Roosevelt's nomination or any other. The defection of Mr. Guffey with the largest batch of delegates in captivity is a considerable blow to this theory. It is difficult to see how it can now be sustained. I make no predictions, but it must be obvious to anyone that Mr. Guffey's support increases Roosevelt's lead in the race and diminishes the power of the influential party figures in New York who have made little secret of their hostility.

Mr. Guffey's declaration for Roosevelt was followed by one from Representative Howard of Nebraska, and preceded by a characteristically glowing endorsement from that noble fellow J. Hamilton Lewis, Senator-elect from Illinois, who lunched with the Governor at Albany and delivered himself of a panegyric on the steps of the gubernatorial mansion at Albany. Altogether, the Roosevelt boom in the past week has gained unusual and unexpected impetus, while that of all the other aspirants remained stationary and inert. To me, the interesting feature of this development was the way in which it clashed with the notions of the political publicists, whose function it is to forecast these things for us. After the Hoover moratorium plan was proposed, several of the more pontifical publicists eruditely argued that the increased importance of foreign affairs changed the political picture for the future, obscured domestic issues and would bring to the front as the Democratic presidential best bet the man with the greatest knowledge, experience and capacity in international matters—to wit, Owen D. Young.

That was the idea, and quite plausible it seemed. Of all the men spoken of in connection with the Democratic nomination, Mr. Young seemed indicated as the one most likely to gain strength by the recent turn of the wheel, and I was fairly well convinced that the movement for Young, which is being engineered by several of his unauthorized but none the less dear and devoted friends in New York, would gain in force and weight. Apparently things are not working out that way. As I have pointed out, the only candidacy that has moved at all is Roosevelt's candidacy, and Roosevelt happens to be the one Democratic aspirant for the presidency—if we except the redoubtable Al—who refrained from uttering a single word of approval for the Hoover proposal of war debt and reparations suspension, even though the plan is much more in line with Democratic than Republican policy, a fact which has been lucidly, patiently, almost ludicrously, stressed by every Democratic Senator who has endorsed it.

Furthermore, the rise in Roosevelt stock is due to no newly discovered merit in the man, nor to any utterance concerning or attitude toward any public question of the day, but solely to the entirely calculating support of him by one of the most practical machine politicians in the country. I repeat, this development interests me because it was so completely unsuspected by the entire group of analysts, not one of whom had considered the possibility of the Guffey jump. I might say also that it is no secret that no one was more shocked, pained and grieved by Mr. Guffey's performance than the National Committee management here in Washington, which has considered it necessary to keep its finger on the party pulse far more constantly and closely than any committee management of the past.

The more I consider the effect of the European situation on our national politics, the less I see in the idea that our present participation will promote the presidential chances of Mr. Young, and the more surprised I am that it appeared plausible to me. Mr. Young's reputation, so far as the public is concerned, rests largely on the so-called Young Plan, under which the German reparations were fixed. Long before the convention, the prospect is that the Young Plan will be completely shot to pieces and the instrument so loudly heralded as a great triumph for a great negotiator will be tossed on the scrap heap. Mr. Young's friends will then have nothing to talk about save his business achievements, and these are so bound up with the power and radio trusts that, politically, they are two-edged.

It seems significant that the Republican politicians of the Slemp type, who a few months ago were convinced that Mr. Young would be the candidate against Mr. Hoover and were somewhat apprehensive lest his nomination would not only make it difficult to collect money for the Republican campaign from the usual sources, but would attract the support of big business—it is significant, I think, that these politicians do not now regard Mr. Young as being in the running. The situation may change; Roosevelt may blunder in such a way as to prove his own undoing, but certainly, as things are today, he is far out in front with the other two New York figures—Young and Smith—"boxed." That is how it looks to me from this angle, though I confess it is hard to see clearly in this heat.

Washington. T. R. B.

Friendly Novices

IN THIS period of depression the stage has been particularly hard hit. Hundreds of actors are out of work; theatres are dark; directors and playwrights have no chance to exercise their talents. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that some bright people in New York should have thought of a coöperative production, to which practitioners of various theatrical arts would contribute on a profit-sharing basis. This idea, which was suggested by Miss Emily Hammond in The New Republic of June 24, has come to fruition in "Shoot the Works," a revue now playing at the George M. Cohan Theatre, presented by Heywood Broun in association with Milton Raison.

Mr. Broun is not only one of the producers, but is all over the place. He appears at frequent intervals before the curtain to introduce other performers, he acts in the sketches, in a baby-elephantine way, at one point he interjects six words into a song in a tone which might be interpreted as singing, and during a soft-shoe routine he thrusts the right leg sideways once, under the patent impression that he is dancing. He tells all his best-known stories except the anecdote about the four mules—and for all I know, he may have omitted that one only by inadvertence on the night when I attended. Those who like Mr. Broun so much that they can't get enough of him, no doubt will find that they don't get enough of him in "Shoot the Works"; and any dissenting minority will dis-

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cover at least two excellent songs, several engaging vaudeville turns, and a touch or two of wild tomfoolishness which Broadway usually lacks and needs—such as the series of nonsensical signs which are paraded about the stage at the end of the first act. They will also find a small chorus of unusually pretty girls expertly drilled by Johnny Boyle in routines somewhat better than are commonly current in entertainments of this type.

When the show opened, the bright spots added up to perhaps one-third of its length. No doubt it will be much better by the time these words appear in print; but the net impression is likely to be the same—a lot of friendly, attractive and talented people who, though most of them are experienced professionals, don't quite know what to do or how to do it. The slick and tricky competence of the hard-boiled Broadway managers has its bad side, but at least Broadway does know how to put over its material, how to build a sketch, time its laughs, maintain an appearance of ease and spontaneity. It is true that the list of Mr. Broun's collaborators contains some well known theatrical names; but evidently the song writers and authors who so generously contributed to his show for the most part gave him their left-over work. There are certainly great possibilities in coöperative theatrical ventures; but it is clear that they cannot be successful when produced in such a hurry and done with the left hand while the right still continues to labor in the old way. "Shoot the Works" was a grand idea; but it is a grand show only in part; and in the theatre, the old analogy still holds of the egg which is good at one end.

B. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Alternative Voting

SIR: The Alternative Vote as embodied in the electoral-reform bill now before the British Parliament is a great political advance. It is a much needed improvement in the democratic system at a time when the fashion is to sneer at democracy. Election by mere plurality often gives an inaccurate expression of the people's will whenever three candidates contest the poll.

The Alternative Vote much more accurately expresses the will of the people. The Alternative Vote provisions are simple and concise and read as follows:

> 1. A voter at any election conducted in accordance with these rules:
>
> (a) may indicate the candidate who is his first choice by placing the figure 1 or the mark "X" on his ballot paper opposite the name of that candidate, and any ballot paper so marked shall be counted as a first-preference vote given to that candidate;
>
> (b) he may also place the figure 2 opposite the name of the candidate whom he would prefer if the candidate who is his first choice cannot be elected.
>
> 2. (a) If on the counting of the votes a candidate receives an absolute majority of first-preference votes, that candidate shall be declared elected.
>
> (b) If no candidate has received an absolute majority of first-preference votes, the candidate who has received the smallest number of first-preference votes shall be excluded, and each ballot paper counted to him which indicates a second choice for one of the other candidates shall be transferred to, and counted as a vote given to, that other candidate, and the candidate who receives an absolute majority of the votes reckoned at that count shall be declared elected.
>
> (c) If still no candidate has received an absolute majority of the votes, the process of excluding the [lowest] candidate . . . shall be continued until one candidate receives an absolute majority of the votes reckoned at the count. . . .

This plan of voting, to a large extent, ensures a majority choice, the necessary basis of any truly democratic system. If passed in Great Britain it is certain to be copied in many of our states where candidates are now all too often nominated and elected by a mere plurality expressing the control of a minority.

GEO. STEWART BROWN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Alexis de Tocqueville Letters

SIR: I am writing a book on the early life and writings of Alexis de Tocqueville (1805-1859), who became one of the most distinguished Frenchmen ever to visit the United States. My chief interest is in his experience and contacts in this country, which made possible the writing of his famous commentary on American institutions, "Democracy in America"; and I am anxious to find letters and original documents relating to him and to his book.

I am particularly eager to learn of unpublished letters to, from, or about Alexis de Tocqueville and his friend Gustave de Beaumont, of the years 1831 and 1832, when they were in the United States as commissioners of the French government to study American prison reforms. I should also be glad to hear of any of their later letters (1833-1859), or of any diaries which mention Tocqueville or Beaumont.

If the persons who own or know the location of any such documents will communicate with me, at 2522 Yale Station, New Haven, their kindness will be deeply appreciated. All manuscripts loaned to me will be scrupulously cared for and returned by registered mail immediately after examination.

GEORGE WILSON PIERSON.

New Haven, Conn.

An Appeal for Aid

SIR: Some 40,000 miners in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky are fighting for their very existence against starvation. From reliable reports such as those of Theodore Dreiser, Harry Elmer Barnes and Horace B. Davis, we learn of the shocking conditions under which these miners live.

Both adults and children are miserably underfed. Many suffer from pellagra and other dread diseases of malnutrition. These workers had no choice—it was either starve or strike. Their children had forgotten the taste of milk!

Strikers are continually being attacked by company guards who have already killed two and badly injured scores of workers. There are wholesale evictions from company houses. With their wives and children they number one hundred thousand human beings.

The American Red Cross, when asked to help feed the starving infants and children of the miners, refused because their condition did not constitute "a catastrophe or an act of God." The National Committee to Aid Striking Miners Fighting Starvation, however, does think that children starving in America, "the richest country in the world," is a serious catastrophe, and one that must be coped with. This committee has therefore set itself the task of sending milk to the miners' infants and children and tents to the evicted families.

Thousands of hungry human beings wait courageously for help which alone will enable them to carry on to victory! Their struggle must not be defeated by starvation. Answer their appeal today! Send money so that they may buy food immediately! Make all checks payable to Leon Kahn, Treasurer, National Committee to Aid Striking Miners Fighting Starvation, 799 Broadway, New York City.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, Chairman,
HUGO GELLERT, Secretary.

New York City.

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An American Case History

Dawn, by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Horace Liveright. 589 pages. $5.

HERE IS one more of those inordinate novels of Dreiser's, this time in the form of an autobiography —the story of his childhood and early youth. When I say it is one more Dreiserian novel, I of course do not mean that "Dawn" has the earmarks of anything but sober and even humdrum truth: on the contrary, it would have profited, like any of his novels, by being far more simplified, stylized, and hence "distorted," than it is. I mean only that its theme and its tone are very much the same as the theme and the tone of "Sister Carrie" or "The Titan" or "An American Tragedy"; and that, by making himself the protagonist, Dreiser only brings together in one whole those various pieces of himself which formerly did duty as Drouet or Cowperwood or Clyde Griffiths. His subject, in his novels, has always been the familiar American subject, the getting on in the world of an ambitious young man or woman; and that is his subject here. His heroes have varied, not in their aims (they have always been moved by the passion for power over material possessions and physical satisfactions), but only in their ruthlessness, their tenacity and their eventual success. Cowperwood is Dreiser's wishful self-projection: Clyde Griffiths (I leave aside, it goes without saying, his criminality) is the more authentic embodiment of what Dreiser must feel he once came very close to being. At any rate, the "I" of this volume is already an old acquaintance to the readers of his fiction; and "Dawn" is only a yarn about Dreiser's own early hatred of poverty and his first confused struggles away from it.

The book, in consequence, has all the defects and most of the merits of his novels: and it throws additional light on the heavy limitations that have kept Dreiser from true distinction as a writer of prose fiction. Like the novels, it profits up to a certain point by the deep ingenuousness of his mind. Like the novels, it is a document rather than an imaginative performance; and its documentary value—its picture of small-town life in Indiana and of Chicago life, in the eighties—is largely the product of Dreiser's naïveté, his indiscriminateness and his entire want of what is called taste. There are many passages in this book of which one can be tolerant only by remembering the wisdom of Horace Walpole's remark to Mme. du Deffand—that "the bad taste which precedes good taste is preferable to that which follows it." But the sense of style—the "taste"—which is indispensable to an artist, is a dubious advantage to a chronicler; and even Dreiser's exposure of his adolescent sexual life is too much a part of this particular case history to be wished away. How different the novels might have been if it had not been for the harsh religiosity of that early family life, or the combined prudishness and animality of the Chicago-Indiana culture of the eighties! Ignorance and evasion on the one hand, a brutalized laxity on the other: these are all that Dreiser has to record; and he would record them with less historical fidelity if he himself had achieved a third position, more humane and more critical. As it is, one sees with startling vividness the dreary social complex out of which emerged not only the predatory, oversexed Cowperwoods and Witlas, but the Carrie Meebers and the Jennie Gerhardts for whom Dreiser had the models to hand, one now sees, in his own family.

But insistent as the sexual note is in this book—and as it must have been in that society—it is less insistent and less important than something else. This is the note of social envy and social ambitiousness. Here, too, it is Dreiser's ingenuousness that stands us in such good stead. If he belonged less wholly to the life he writes about he would certainly have softened or sophisticated or dramatized his picture of it. But he has no capacity for evaluation, at any point; and hence he delivers his testimony with all the heavy circumstantiality but also with all the oppressive truthfulness of a slow-witted witness under patient inquisition. A greedy society bent on passionate accumulation, obsessed with the ostentation of its comforts and luxuries, ruthless in its contempt for the duffers (like Dreiser's father), jealous of its positions of power: such is the society he lumberingly depicts in these pages. What unifies the whole formless and unselective tale is the central contrast between a poverty-stricken middle-class family, drifting from one small-town or city encampment after another, hounded by economic inefficiency—the contrast between this family and the prosperous bourgeoisie of Warsaw and Evansville or the showy wealth of the Chicago industrial barons. A gnawing sense of social inferiority and of personal ineffectiveness seems to have overcast the boy's whole childhood and adolescence: the glimpses that are least easy to forget are the glimpses of an awkward, ill dressed, unprepossessing boy or youth gazing in, with the helpless envy of an outsider, upon the "artistic" comfort of a Warsaw banker's home, or upon the "interesting" hilarity of a Bloomington fraternity house, or upon the "happy affluence" of some West Side Chicago mansion.

In this connection, no passage in the book is more striking than a paragraph or two, in one of the Evansville chapters, describing the appearance at the Dreiser home of a dandified book agent and his display of "the first book that was to influence me"—"Hill's Manual of Etiquette and Social and Commercial Forms." This was the true "Pilgrim's Progress" of Dreiser's "brooding" childhood. Here one hits upon something far more real than anything in those mushy passages of expensive writing in which Dreiser seeks to persuade us of an early penchant for metaphysical speculation or cosmic revery. "To this hour," he says, "I hark back [to "Hill's Manual"] in fancy at times, not to any particular item of its contents but to the wonderful sense of strangeness and mystery and beauty and delight which the most inane things in it evoked in me. . . . Pictures, actual pen-and-ink illustrations, showing the right and wrong way to enter a room, the right and wrong way to make a bow and doff the hat on meeting an acquaintance or your best girl, or on being introduced to anyone, especially a lady . . . pictures of cities and great buildings and of men who began as nothing in this great sad world but rose by honesty and thrift and kind thoughts and deeds to be great." At a later point, in speaking of his omnivorous reading, he tells us that no books made a deeper impression on him than "Water Babies" and "The House of the Seven Gables." Let the analyst make of this what he can. A layman can only confess to seeing singularly few traces in Dreiser's mind or work of either Kingsley's influence or Hawthorne's: the good Hill, on the other hand, whoever he was, has obviously never ceased to exercise his spell.

It is this sort of thing that, in spite of the book's pitiless loquacity, its mumbling monotony of narrative tone, its dank stretches of marshy and undrained prose, gives it a genuine value as sociology and even furnishes the literary student with a clue to the genesis of Dreiser's uncouth fictions. It has always been a question why a man with so little genuine insight into character, so little understanding

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of social relations, so little command over the grammar of his art, should nevertheless write a series of curiously impressive and partially truthful books. The autobiography explains the writing of the books, explains their quality and explains their immitigable second-rateness. Surely they are the expression of a will to power, a passion for worldly success, which, owing to the man's confessed inefficiency and lack of practical ingenuity, could find an outlet in none of the ordinary functions of a profit economy. If ever creative activity was compensatory, it has been compensatory in this novelist's career: fortunately, that "impure" motivation has kept Dreiser very close to his material, emotionally, and hence the inartistic truth his novels have as documents—hence, too, the tenderness which (a purely personal, not an imaginative tenderness) so many readers have found in them. Of the finer literary truth which a purer inventive motivation would have given them, they have little or nothing. There is a casual, almost an accidental, remark in this book which suggests what I mean. In speaking of a young girl who lived next door to his boarding house in Bloomington, Dreiser observes: "Her family were commonplace, a small-town working-class family. If I were to see her today as she was then, I would probably consider her trivial." "Probably?"—certainly! And this, in one daub of pigment, tells the whole story. If Dreiser has never managed to make his kept women, his salesmen, his Napoleons of finance, his "geniuses," seem anything but essentially trivial, it is, in short, because they are nothing more than that to him. His fancy has been obsessed by values that have nothing to do with personality: his interest in people has never been simple and studious. But, for just this reason, he has been a richly characteristic product of a depersonalized and predatory society; and "Dawn" is only technically a less fictitious account of it than his novels.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Red October

The End of the Russian Empire, by Michael T. Florinsky. New Haven: Yale University Press. 272 pages. $3.

One Hundred Red Days, by Edgar Sisson. New Haven: Yale University Press. 502 pages. $5.

MICHAEL T. FLORINSKY, one-time officer in the Tsar's army, and now lecturer in economic history at Columbia University, has written for the series of studies on the Economic and Social History of the World War an intelligent, unbiased analysis of the breakup of the Russian imperial system. By devoting a chapter to the economic and political condition of every class of Russian society at the outbreak of the War, Mr. Florinsky draws a picture of the inevitability of change, and his book helps one to understand the present government of Russia by making clear its roots in the immediate past.

One realizes from his book that in Russia there was on one side a weak-willed absolute monarch under the domination of his superstitious wife and their predatory courtiers, and on the other a vast, incoherent peasantry, land hungry for the two generations since its emancipation from serfdom in 1861. Woven inextricably into the whole Russian fabric were a hopelessly incapable bureaucracy, a tiny and insignificant middle class, an unawakened laboring class and an active but not very powerful group of revolutionaries. Of the Tsar we already know enough from his correspondence and from the unanimous testimony of those who had anything to do with him to realize that he was unable to contribute in any way to the difficult problems with which his country was confronted and yet, being an absolute monarch, had the power to hinder any rational solution of them. Of the ministers and the bureaucracy, no one who has studied Russia will quarrel with Mr. Florinsky's judgment: "It was a grotesque and sinister procession of nonentities and adventurers who did nothing to prevent the drifting of the dynasty to its doom, and who prepared for the country a protracted period of unrest, dismemberment, civil war and suffering." The Duma, because of the very nature of its organization, could do very little for Russia. Mr. Florinsky remarks justly of it: "An illegitimate child of Western democratic ideas and of the Russian autocracy, the Duma suffered from that debility which was a natural consequence of the half-hearted legislation which brought it into being. Like the rest of the constitutional and social structure of the State, it bore in itself the germs of its own destruction." The small middle class, which included the intelligentsia, was completely out of touch with the needs and wishes of the peasantry and the industrial population, and therefore could contribute nothing to the essential change of the social structure when its opportunity came with the disorganization resulting from the War.

The War exhibited the costly incompetence of the government and released a huge body of men into chaos. The Bolsheviks came along with their understanding of the wants of the peasantry, land and no war, and with the needs of the industrial population, no war and the abolition of oppressive private ownership. The result was inevitable. "In a country like Russia," Mr. Florinsky remarks, "where the well-to-do and educated groups represented an infinitely small minority, where the bulk of the population lived in extreme poverty, and the potential forces of social discontent were immense, no other policy had any chance of success."

Mr. Edgar Sisson was representing President Wilson, via George Creel, in Russia when the Bolsheviks were taking over the power they have since retained. The limitations of his mind made it impossible for Mr. Sisson to grasp the significance of anything he was witnessing; and his book, "One Hundred Red Days," suffers from the obvious limitations of his attitude. Mr. Sisson's job was to throw little leaflets with Wilson's speeches at the Germans and the Russians. His opportunity was to witness the greatest event of modern times. He seems to have distributed his leaflets.

Mr. Sisson's book is interesting for the material it contains on the people who surrounded him, more than for his own reflections. Ambassador Francis greeted him with the remark that he "never would talk to a damned Bolshevik," and though Mr. Sisson did not quite agree with this attitude, he had no more interest than the American ambassador in learning about the sources of the power with which he was dealing. The Ambassador finally came round to believe that Lenin was an "agreeable, friendly person." With this judgment Mr. Sisson did not agree, but he thought it more valuable than the Ambassador's first reaction. Mr. Sisson's own reaction to a meeting with Lenin is this: "He pleased me because he did what I wanted him to do, the more so because he did it quickly." But this did not lessen his distrust and hatred of Lenin and all he stood for, a distrust and hatred which limited Mr. Sisson's powers of understanding. The colossal conceit of the man is evident in several spots in his book, and especially in his modest disclaimer that it was his cablegram from Russia which was entirely responsible for President Wilson's Fourteen Points. Mr. Sisson will never forgive Lenin and Trotsky for mak-

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ing peace with Germany, for it was part of Mr. Sisson's job to prevent such a catastrophe to the Allied cause, and to make President Wilson's ideas known in Germany. The possibility of the success of his mission was eliminated by the signing of the Brest-Litovsk treaty. So Mr. Sisson, for a large sum of money, purchased the dubious documents which are known by his name. He still insists that the Sisson Documents are reproductions of those in the files at Smolny Institute.

His attitude is, perhaps, best illustrated by his comment on John Reed, whose "Ten Days That Shook the World" makes Mr. Sisson's "One Hundred Red Days" read like "Alice in Wonderland": "Poor, brilliant, unhappy Reed! His destiny marked him for return to Russia, swift illness and death in an unsanitary city, and burial by the Red Kremlin!" The exclamation mark is Mr. Sisson's.

M. R. WERNER.

Lavender and Old Ladies

Many Thousands Gone, by John Peale Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE LONG title story of "Many Thousands Gone," by John Peale Bishop, won the contest conducted last year by Scribner's Magazine, but despite its considerable distinction, it does not represent the best work in the collection. "If Only," the concluding story, appears to be the most finished piece, but throughout the book there is a fine control in the writing without any sacrifice of suggestiveness, and informing detail without loss of direction. Only once, in the last few pages of "Young Death and Desire," does Mr. Bishop trust to rhetoric rather than circumstance for his effects, and there certain overwrought poetical contrivances discount the expertness with which the difficult theme is handled up to the climax.

The dates of the five stories run from 1852 to 1900, but the background of the Civil War—premonition, violence, reminiscence—gives the volume a certain unity which would save it from being merely an arbitrary and miscellaneous collection. There is an added unity of interpretation, of which the first story, "The Corpse in the House," is almost symbolic. The old lady who has kept the lovers apart for seven years is now dead, but now, while her grave is being dug, the young lawyer realizes that he no longer loves the girl for whom he has waited. He also knows that honor, or something more fundamental in its effect on human affairs than honor, will compel him to marry her. The present is already held mortmain of the past.

In "Many Thousands Gone," the story in which the values most nearly seem to rest in the action itself, the same is true. In this bare, obstinate account of the occupation of a Virginia town by Yankee troops for a day and a half, the random violence of the present is given its meaning by reference to the past. The invading colonel occupies the abandoned home of his "shiftless and pretentious" Southern relatives. There, sitting in the bedroom where he was born, he realizes for the first time that he was the "engagement child" that years before had brought his parents on a visit here, but this situation does not explain to him his hatred of the people whom his troops are overawing for a few hours. Then the colonel himself applies the burning spill which is to reduce his aunt's house to ashes. The slave girl, after one night of freedom which means debauchery with the soldiers, is taken out behind the barn and callously shot by one of them, a "home-made Yankee" from Tennessee, because the rancor of her previous position has led her to threaten her mistress. Then there are the ladies, frustrated and already living in the past, who attempt to maintain the customary order, the customary pretensions, in the face of the events before them.

It is no wonder that Mr. Bishop, in his attempt to interpret a culture by its past, should be most successful in "If Only," where the more rigorous claims of the immediate are relaxed, where the war is an echo and a sentiment, and where, in a spinster's dream, Lee rides with frozen lashes. It would almost seem that Mr. Bishop has written the preceding stories only so that this one might be fully understood. And it is no wonder that his best characters are women—those repositories of the letter, if not the spirit, of the faith. What the faith was, none of the characters seems to know, not even when they are engaged in a death struggle to support it, nor does Mr. Bishop himself ever suggest what it was. The war is for him perhaps a sort of temporary purgation, but not a spiritual or intellectual crisis, and in his picture there is none of that disciplined vehemence which, for instance, is found in the work of Bierce. The effect on the stories is this: they possess little drama in the real and moral sense. They present a process fatalistically reduced to scale in the long perspective of pity. But Mr. Bishop's vision, limited as it is in this respect, is adequate to provide the stimulus of an artist.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

An Inquiry into Disillusion

The Contemporary and His Soul, by Irwin Edman. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 191 pages. $2.50.

MR. IRWIN EDMAN, not being a disillusioned man himself, has made an inquiry into the varieties of disillusion. He finds the soul of man under modernism in a state of uneasiness and exacerbation: it expresses itself in the cult of disillusion itself, led by the mournful and slightly Victorian figure of Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch: it likewise comes out in a retreat to Platonism, the contemplation of timeless essences, in a nostalgia for tradition and in an attempt to create by pure action or Priapic ecstasy an illusion of wholeness and health.

On these subjects, Mr. Edman's judgment is just, temperate, discerning. In his essay on "The Faith in Intelligence" he penetrates, too, the weakness of those who hope for another world through experiment and intelligent activity. "It is no use," he says, "telling people to go from where they are and to build with what they have, if it is precisely their present situation and their materials that depress them, and the future indicated by them from which they flee. It does not help to exalt adventure and novelty, if life for most people is regimental, and if the novelties are simply physical devices."

How, then, is the contemporary to save his soul? Mr. Edman skirts around this subject in his final chapter. Unfortunately, this is the least satisfactory part of the book: it is vague, and it does not cut very deep, and Mr. Edman shirks the responsibility of creating. It is with open eyes that he evades the issue. "It would be," he says, " . . . not simply a hazardous but an insolent enterprise to offer a therapeutic program after having examined with dismissive criticism those schemes of moral salvation now offered by any number of serious and honest and competent leaders of contemporary reflection." But one cannot help thinking that Mr. Edman should have taken the risk and committed the insolence. When he says that such thought is only the

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"wishful operation of a fantasy," a "fairy tale told in a crumbling civilization or a disordered life," a "myth turned into a categorical morality, a dream phrased as a commandment," his disparagement is merely another way of saying: I beg to be excused. Since when have fantasy and myth and dream been dismissed from the natural history of man? Are not they the essential instruments of the poet and the philosopher—and is not Mr. Edman himself, who is both, the very person who ought to be using them to the utmost? At the end, he sketches in the outlines of his excellent naturalistic philosophy: but it lacks a concrete program, a definite regimen, a path to action. Mr. Edman's intentions have, I think, fallen short of his opportunities.

L. M.

If Social Workers Struck

Case Studies of Unemployment, edited by Marion Elderton, with an introduction by Helen Hall and a foreword by Paul U. Kellogg. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 418 pages. $3.

IN THIS book the social workers of America report back to their employers, the bankers, industrialists and other philanthropic business men of America, concerning the status of the class war. They don't put it that way, of course, and they are probably right, since it takes two to make a war, and there is no evidence in this volume that the unemployed workers are fighting back. They are merely tightening their belts, losing their homes and their furniture, beating up their wives and children, getting drunk, getting sick, going insane and dying. They were doing all these things long before the stock-market crash. This volume of 150 case studies of unemployed workers and their families was compiled during the "prosperous" years of 1927-29. It deals with "worthy" cases almost entirely: industrious husbands, devoted wives and "well bred" children, whose sturdy individualism has somehow not prevailed against the stress of market changes, style changes, mechanization and depression which the social workers cite as causative factors in these monotonous chronicles of human degradation and collapse.

The social workers see something wrong with this picture; indeed it does seem queer to scrap sound human material in favor of new and increasingly idle machines. Merely from the standpoint of intelligent animal husbandry it seems queer, and Paul U. Kellogg says so in his foreword. Elsewhere, Mr. Kellogg and his associates even get out of hand and advocate the "dole"—otherwise known as unemployment insurance, thereby showing themselves more realistic than some of the "cases," who parrot the employers' objections to any government interference with business as usual.

On the other hand, these social workers fail to see, or at least fail to state, the essential contradiction between the enterprise of making money and the enterprise of building a distinctively human and humane civilization in modern terms, based on the functional utilization of modern technological means. Instead, Mr. Kellogg and his associates, to use his own words, "carry forward that living tradition of awareness and proposal which began half a century ago at Toynbee Hall." His awareness is genuine, as is shown by the incisive language with which he states the basic anomalies of our acquisitive society:

> We squeeze each ounce of worth out of a carcass or a tree; we draw each stir of power from a ton of coal; but we fail to devise plans by which such desirable efficiencies and skills, such tangible bundles of productive energy as unemployed men and women have to offer, can be marketed without losses such as no business could stand without going under.

His proposal at the moment is roughly embodied in an implied endorsement of the Wagner bills. Perhaps this reviewer may be permitted to make an alternative proposal: a general strike of social workers. Do our ablest social workers, of whom Mr. Kellogg is representative, really think that a modern industrial state, with its rapidly shifting technological base, can be stabilized and made functional with relation to sane human objectives by any method short of socializing the means of production? If they don't, why prolong the agony by administering the "dole" which the exploiters philosophically subtract from their income-tax returns? Why not force the issue—make our bankers and industrialists clean up their own human debris? Why not strike—or better still, go over to the enemy?—if our unorganized and helpless working masses can be dignified by that term.

At the moment the class war in this country is not overt; it is none the less latent and psychologically real, as every social worker knows. The case worker who climbs tenement stairs represents one class; the hodcarrier's wife who locks the door and starves herself and her family rather than accept aid—although later she may wangle three Christmas dinners out of three relief agencies and invite her neighbors in to share the joke—the hodcarrier's wife represents another. They meet in the no man's land of "charity," "scientifically"—and suspiciously—administered and bitterly accepted.

Maybe this false and unequal human relationship explains why these case histories for the most part are written so badly. Again and again one encounters pseudo-scientific chatter about "adjustments" and "behavior problems," prissy euphemisms instead of plain words, sentences like: "The story of Mike and Mary . . . and their efforts to establish their home and family is a hard one." Case workers seeking literary self-improvement would benefit by reading Edmund Wilson's recent contributions to this magazine.

JAMES RORTY.

Book Notes

ART

ESTIMATES IN ART, Second Series, by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. *New York: Henry Holt and Company. 337 pages, illustrated. $2.50.*

This is the second series of essays on painters by the professor of Art at Princeton University. The first was devoted to European artists, with the exception of John La Farge, whom the author considers worthy of treatment among the old masters. The present volume deals with sixteen American painters: Gilbert Stuart, Morse, Inness, Vedder, Whistler, Fuller, Martin, Ryder, Homer, Eakins, Sargent, Abbey, Cox, Weir, Chase and Arthur B. Davies. The list is here given in full because it displays the catholicity of Mr. Mather's tastes. His style is easy, and his subject matter is more entertaining and informative than technically critical. The book makes a very readable resumé of the principal influences in American painting in the last century, and presents some of its chief exponents in their most favorable lights.

THE FRENCH PRIMITIVES AND THEIR FORMS, by Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia. *Merion, Pa.: Barnes Foundation Press. 551 pages, illustrated. Price not given.*

Here is one of the very few volumes of interest both to studious art lover and intelligent artist. It is an exhaustive and systematic

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study of early French painting, tracing origins in stained glass, frescoes and illuminated miniatures, and the later influences from Flanders, Germany and Italy. The appendix of nearly two hundred pages contains detailed objective analyses of every important French primitive, and it is this section of the book that will appeal to the artist. The whole is necessarily closely written, and the specialized terminology will repel all but the seriously interested. The excellent illustrations are constantly referred to in the text, and greatly aid the reader in following the authors' admirably sound conception of the development of a highly interesting epoch in French painting.

THE HISTORY AND IDEALS OF AMERICAN ART, by Eugen Neuhaus. *Palo Alto, Calif.: Stanford University Press. 444 pages, illustrated. $6.50.*

This is a compendium of information on American art from its beginning till the present time. The word "Ideals" in the title has an ominous sound, and the impression is confirmed when we discover that Professor Neuhaus' conception of artistic ideals is purely ethical. The same observation might be made of many American painters, but the task of the historian and the critic is to clarify rather than deepen the confusion. . . . There are about 150 illustrations, which lose much of their value through being reproduced on uncoated stock.

History

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE, by Valeska Bari. *New York: Coward-McCann. 368 pages. $4.*

Bret Harte has influenced all subsequent writers on California. He caught the picturesque, but his picture of the Argonauts is very incomplete, as Miss Valeska Bari shows in her collection of sixteen contemporary narratives. She gives us Spanish dons, prospectors, feminists, vigilantes, naturalists, street preachers and outlaws, all telling their story in their own words, and the result is an extremely variegated mosaic of human elements.

A GUIDE TO HISTORICAL LITERATURE, edited by William Henry Allison, Sidney Bradshaw Fay, Augustus Shearer and Henry Robinson Shipman. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 1250 pages. $10.50.*

An extraordinarily complete and eminently practical bibliography of history and its auxiliary sciences has been compiled, as the result of eleven years' work, by the committee on bibliography of the American Historical Association. Books on every country are listed with brief critical comment by special authorities, and there have been added, to enhance the convenience of the volume, selected biographical lists of historically prominent persons, as well as accounts of governmental, university and society publications. The value of such a compilation to students and teachers cannot be overestimated.

THE MARTYRS, by Donald W. Riddle. *University of Chicago Press. 231 pages. $3.*

The Christian martyr did not stand alone against the forces of persecution. He was himself the prize, fought over by two forms of social control. The established order of Rome was combatted by the skillful coercions of the believer's companions. With this fruitful suggestion and an analysis of the methods used to hold the martyr to his task, Mr. Riddle explains in terms of modern sociology how the Church came to prevail over the empire.

PERSECUTION AND LIBERTY: Essays in Honor of George Lincoln Burr. *New York: The Century Company. 482 pages. $5.*

Beginning with an essay on "the theory of corporal punishment for heresy in Christendom," this testimonial volume traces the course of ideas of liberty, revolution, tolerance and the relation of church and state, down to the "Agitation against the Slave Trade in Rhode Island." As in most testimonial volumes, the essays bear no direct relation to one another; a few of them seem remote even from the general idea; but they are all scholarly and informative. From the nonacademic point of view, the most interesting is, perhaps, the one contributed by Austin P. Evans on "Social Aspects of Medieval Heresy," wherein is cautiously examined the possibility that economic interests influenced the growth and punishment of certain heresies and heretical orders.

Fiction

SLOW SMOKE, by Charles Malam. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.*

A country minister is filled with a strange emotion by the smell of burning leaves and the burial of a French-Canadian woman. As a result, after six barren years, his wife gives birth to a child and in so doing dies. The second part of the book takes up the son in his nineteenth year, with his revolt against the father's desire to "dedicate him to God." The father dies repentant, the son's wife also dies, in childbirth, and the son commits suicide. Mr. Malam, a Rhodes scholar from Vermont, writes convincingly of life in his own state, but with little subtlety.

TROTT AND HIS LITTLE SISTER, by André Lichtenberger. *Translated by Blanche and Irma Weill. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.*

As Dorothy Canfield Fisher points out in her slightly apologetic introduction, "Trott and His Little Sister" is a study of the greatest upheaval of childhood—the displacing of an only child as the most important member of the family—and this thirty-year-old novel might have been written from the point of view of a modern child psychologist. It is psychology distilled, however, to its essence; results of analysis are given rather than analysis, and the story ricochets rather than progresses, touching Trott's perplexity, his self-pity, his humiliation and finally his rather grudging acceptance of his sister. The book is entertaining, and the playful sentimentality Mrs. Fisher apologizes for is so candid and unabashed it never becomes annoying.

Contributors

JOHN T. FLYNN, author of "Investment Trusts Gone Wrong!" which was published in The New Republic Dollar Books, is a frequent contributor to financial and popular magazines. His volume, "Graft in Business," of which the series beginning in the present issue is a part, will be published in September by the Viking Press.

MARIE DE L. WELCH, a California poet who has been living in Paris, will publish a book of verse this fall.

H. BONER, a graduate of the University of Colorado who has been doing graduate work at Columbia, was the winner this year of the Van Rensselaer prize for poetry offered by the University. He is a contributor to an anthology of verse written by Columbia students which is soon to be published.

LEWIS MUMFORD, author of a biography of Melville and of several volumes of social and architectural criticism, has completed a study of the arts in America between the years of 1865-1895. It is to appear under the title of "The Brown Decades," and is on the fall list of Harcourt, Brace.

NEWTON ARVIN is assistant professor of English at Smith College and author of a biography of Hawthorne which was published last year. He is spending the summer in Northampton, Massachusetts, studying Russian and learning how to swim.

M. R. WERNER, author of several well known biographies of unusual if not eminent Americans, recently returned from Russia and is at present working on a new book.

ROBERT PENN WARREN, an active worker in the shock-troop brigade of the Southern agrarians, is the author of "John Brown: The Making of a Martyr" and a contributor to "The American Caravan."

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